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commonweal

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Renewal in Canada

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NEWS AND VIEWS

A standing charge against South Vietnamese soldiers has been proclivity to pillage.

So coming as no great surprise was the recent Associated Press item telling of U.S. advisors protesting to South Vietnamese authorities about their troops engaged in the Cholon area. According to the AP, the complaint was that "some of the soldiers were so busy looting they had no time for fighting."

For a change, South Vietnamese officials acted promptly. In a surprise search, 400 members of the Fifth Ranger Battalion were ordered to strip off and open their packs. Inspectors found radios, cameras and other items looted from stores and homes during the Cholon street fighting. Seventeen soldiers were arrested.

The Cholon looting is reprehensible, but it is also fascinating for the documentation it provides to the changed character of the war and changed greeds of the avaricious.

Previously, looting charges evolved around theft of chickens and pigs and an occasional water buffalo—minor items perhaps, but important ones in a poor, agrarian society. Now it is radios and cameras—which speaks worlds about the new values of the people and the new venue of the fighting. The war has come to the cities and the spoils coveted are the gadgets of the benefactor from the West.

Thus does Americanization come full circle.

•

Only about 20 percent of the 103 members of this year's graduating class at Union Theological Seminary expects to enter the parish ministry. The remainder will pursue graduate studies or undertake other endeavors.

"We have done everything we could to confront our students with the possibilities of the parish ministry," said Dr. John C. Bennett, Union president. "To a certain extent we have failed."

A reason cited by Dr. Bennett for lack of interest in the parish ministry is the deep commitment of the students to revolutionary change in modern society and a feeling that the church today is not a vital instrument of social action.

"The students believe the church is resisting change," he commented, and so seek other outlets for their talents.

"I believe they are wrong," Dr. Bennett declared. But he has had little success in so convincing Union students. Underlining the failure: only 40 percent of the class plans to be ordained.

•

Father Philip Berrigan's six-year sentence for mutilating Selective Service records may not upset a large segment of the Catholic press, but it does appall some influential daily publications.

The New York *Times,* though it feels Berrigan's blood-spilling protest "went beyond the bounds of legitimate protest," finds the penalty "unfitting" the conviction. "The powers of the bench include the power to fix sentences on those found guilty," the *Times* editorialized, "but they do not include the right to impose punishment out of all proportion to the crime."

The Boston *Globe* was blunter yet. It termed the Berrigan sentence "the latest in a great string of bad omens," and added:

"The offense charged to Rev. Fr. Philip F. Berrigan is a revolting one as it is described in court documents . . . But all [it] comes down to is a too graphic manifestation of pacifism—hardly so henious a crime (if pacifism is a crime at all) as to warrant the casual lopping off of six years of a man's life. Convicted thugs and murderers have been treated more gently.

"Father Berrigan is no mortal threat to society. The threat to society comes from the opposite direction. . . . Courts are supposed to be more equanimous than are street mobs," the *Globe* concluded.

The Boston *Pilot* allowed that "the suspicion lingers the court is using its own means to take out of circulation those whom it judges to be a kind of public nuisance." But otherwise the Catholic press indicated by editorial silence that it was far from distraught by the meting out of maximum penalty to Father Berrigan. The *Pilot's* summation of public reaction was not without application to the Catholic press generally: a bothersome protestor got what he was asking for.

•

The Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith (Holy Office) continues to seek to curb distribution of Hans Küng's new book, *The Church.*

Following its German publication, the Congregation issued a "monitum" ordering that the book not be translated or published in other languages. The order was ignored and publications rolled from presses in English (through Sheed & Ward in the U.S.), and, it is understood, French, Dutch and other languages.

Now the Congregation has requested Father Küng to appear in Rome to answer questions about the book. Küng, presently in Tübingen, Germany, has not been able to accept the invitation, because of "lack of time."

•

A personal note. Our youngest child is 11, and as I looked on his sleeping form early June 5, I reflected how many peak news points of his reasoning years —in other words, since he was a tot of 6—have been national disasters: assassinations, riots in the cities, genocide in Vietnam. Now there was Robert Kennedy. And as I gazed, my heart ached. Because I knew how wonderful it would be if kids could sing the songs you learn in school—"America the Beautiful," "Hail Columbia, Happy Land" and all that stuff—without vague doubt that it's all so much garbage. The nation frets today about its young people on university campuses. But, friends, the picnic is just beginning. Wait till the generations come along whose patriotic perceptions have been formed entirely by national shames and disgraces. It won't be pretty. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Sister Scabs

Evanston, Ill.

To the Editors: The Chicago Conference of Laymen, Commission on Education, strongly supports the stand of the ATF teachers at Elizabeth Seton High School in South Holland, Ill. and thanks Sister Myra Stratton, BVM, for her excellent article "Sister Scabs in the Suburbs" (May 17).

The Commission on Education deplores the unchristian actions done under the administration of any Catholic school. Such actions not only betray the very purpose of the Catholic school; they exhibit before the entire public the mental attitude of those who practice them. Those who actively or passively support such actions in the archdiocese of Chicago are hastening the day when Catholic schools will be phased out of existence.

What the Commission on Education is most concerned about, however, is the affront to the personal dignity of the teachers, the forcing of individual nuns to participate in strike-breaking tactics which have been repudiated by every responsible management operation in the United States, the hypocritical use of religious trappings to flout the most basic rights of individuals guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, and the refusal to be guided by the most basic teaching of Jesus whom these people pretend to serve.

When teachers who have dedicated their lives to the system which professes to keep alive the memory of the resurrected Christ are treated as enemies, it is time to examine the premises upon which Elizabeth Seton High School was built and to question the dedication of those in administration who are responsible for such actions be they Bishops, Mother Generals, associate superintendents, principals or religious who are only following orders (remember Nuremburg?).

In matters such as this, it does no good to quote encyclicals of every pope

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THE POLITICS OF TERROR

A great deal of amateur psychology has been dispensed, by practitioners as disparate as the President of the United States and the Archbishop of New York, in an effort to disabuse Americans of the notion that the tragic death of Senator Robert Kennedy is traceable to an endemic strain of violence that runs through the national life. It is a comfortable psychology. It is so much pleasanter to think of our country as a land of laws and of people devoted to constitutional forms; Jefferson is a far more agreeable symbol than Clyde Barrow. But the facts are as Arthur Schlesinger and others are reminding us: we are a violent people with a violent history, and the instinct for violence has seeped deep into the national bloodstream.

Yet to subscribe to the Schlesinger realism is not to deny entirely the reasoning of the idealizers. We thrill to the Barrows, but it is the Jeffersons to whom we erect memorials. The propensity is probably schizoid, but it is there, and in it—and the inevitable confusion between aspirations, which are of the noblest, and impulses, which are too often base—lies the ambiguity of the American character. The result is a dichotomy destructive of national purpose and, if unchecked, of potential doom to the nation.

As he has so many times in the past, President Johnson proved a perfect case study of this problem when he named his commission to probe the roots of American violence. Deploring the shooting of Senator Kennedy as a consequence of the lawlessness that has become common to America, President Johnson exclaimed that "a nation that tolerates violence in any form cannot expect to be able to confine it to just minor outbursts." This, of course, is the heart of the matter. However, Mr. Johnson's failure is the historic American inability to press the truism to its logical conclusion; violence remains a one-dimensional phenomenon and is never recognized when it is an instrument of

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national policy, whether that violence be the institutionalized violence of indifference and decay, which afflicts the poor and the colored of skin, or the physical violence of which Vietnam is only the latest example. Americanism, seemingly, can mask violence and even make it seem good, when committed in America's name.

Eugene McCarthy was closer to the point when, in commenting on the Kennedy shooting, he said that the nation as a whole bears a burden of guilt "for the kind of neglect which has allowed the disposition of violence to grow here in our land" and for the violence which this country has visited "upon the rest of the world, or at least part of the world."

The meaning of Mr. McCarthy's remarks is that its double-standard policy is catching up with the United States, with results which are not surprising. No nation can pursue a politics of terror abroad or a sophisticated politics of neglect at home without those living within its influences suffering a corruption. When violence is a legitimate instrument of national policy, it follows too naturally that it should become an acceptable vehicle for the redress of personal grievances. Harangue and inflammatory talk cause their divisions and help spawn the violence that makes the cities of America unsafe for its citizens. But the violence of Vietnam, beamed into homes in living color, also strips away moral restraints and makes more likely violence such as that committed against Senator Kennedy.

The background and passions of the man indicted for Senator Kennedy's death offer convenient counter-arguments for those unwilling to face the fact that Senator Kennedy's assassination fits within a national context of violence. But though the alleged assassin is an immigrant and carries within him the scars of the violence of the Middle East, the reality remains that he has lived his formative years in the United States and thus has been conditioned by an environment which made it likely that if it had not been he who pulled the trigger, it could have been scores of others. This is not idle speculation; it is a conviction attested to by the belated assigning of Secret Service guards to all Presidential candidates.

The challenge now is to rout the influences that make abnormal precautions a prerequisite of everyday safety in the United States. The new commission on violence control will undertake its study, but if it does not have two starting points—the institutional violence of race and poverty, and the programmed violence of Vietnam—then its work is fated beforehand.

THE POLITICS OF PEACE

The assassination of Senator Kennedy has, of course, thrown the political situation into confusion. Yet the pieces will have to be picked up; the business of the nation must continue, and this means politics. What we hope, however, is that this will not be politics as usual, but a politics that is suited to the crisis of our times.

What will be the short-term political effect of Senator Kennedy's death? Speculations abound. Some see this as a chance for President Johnson to re-enter the picture in the role of father-figure and national unifier. Others envision a McCarthy-Humphrey "deal," and still others a Humphrey ticket with Senator Edward Kennedy in the second spot. Some see the outcome as an inevitable victory for Richard Nixon, running on a law-and-order platform. In the light of the widely conflicting possibilities, it would be a rash man who would be dogmatic about the shape of the political future. Certain facts, however, should be emphasized.

Before Senator Kennedy was shot down, Eugene McCarthy said: "Whatever happens in California, we'll carry the issue to the convention and beyond the convention, because that is not the objective. The objective is to change America." It is in the light of this vision of the campaign's purpose that the political future must be viewed. Political commentators say that Vice President Humphrey is the most direct beneficiary of the Kennedy elimination from the race, since the delegates pledged to Kennedy, it is argued, include many party "pros"—men who will switch their loyalty to party-man Humphrey rather than to maverick McCarthy. But a convention stampede to Humphrey can take place, we are convinced, only if the Democrats ignore the larger political realities of the recent past.

What has Senator McCarthy done? When almost everyone said there was no hope, he alone came forward, entering the race in New Hampshire and in a stunning upset overturning the Johnson slate. All over the country the young and the alienated repaired to his banner; for many, it once more became possible to work inside the system. In short order Senator Kennedy then changed his mind and declared his candidacy. Very shortly after that, President Johnson announced that he would not run again and made overtures for peace to North Vietnam. Senator McCarthy, in short, turned the country around. This is no mean accomplishment.

What did the primaries show? California is a good illustration. Senator Kennedy ended with 46% of the vote, Senator McCarthy with 42%. The uncommitted or pro-Humphrey slate won only 12% of the total. In California, then, as in all the other primaries, the anti-war candidates won a commanding majority, and only the fact that the two candidates divided the vote between them obscured this fact. The Johnson-Humphrey slates, on the other hand, were supported by only a minority of the voters, even in Vice President Humphrey's native state of South Dakota.

The meaning of all this is clear. The central issue of the election is peace. As Senator McCarthy has pointed out, Hubert Humphrey became American foreign policy's "most ardent apologist." Although Mr. Humphrey may

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talk about a politics of joy, he cannot escape responsibility for his share in the Administration's mindless escalation in Vietnam, and the Democratic party cannot be allowed to imagine that those who want an end to the war will now support any candidate identified with Johnson policies. The tragedy of the Kennedy assassination has removed one peace candidate. That leaves not Hubert Humphrey but Senator Eugene McCarthy.

Fragmentation in Resurrection City

Washington, D.C.

The poor people in Resurrection City are very clannish and inordinately suspicious of each other and their leaders. This fact has led to a number of serious divisions within the City which have greatly hampered the attempts of the leadership to mobilize the entire community for the daily demonstrations. What on the surface looks like an integrated community is actually a collection of "contingents" who reside in "sections" that have fairly distinct boundaries.

The Boston people live apart from the New York people. The Providence people live apart from the Chicago or Marks, Mississippi people. And the Appalachian whites, who are ethnically but not racially segregated from the rest of the encampment, have little to do with those members of the Milwaukee contingent who live in their area.

The leaders here have not been able to eradicate these crippling divisions because they are also divided. They themselves have not been able to agree on a specific set of goals, tactics and, most importantly, on who should have authority over whom. The people sense the indecision of their leaders and have tended to withdraw both emotionally and physically into these groups with which they are most familiar. This withdrawal has in turn been bad for morale in the City, and each day it becomes increasingly evident that the entire campaign may collapse if the situation is not alleviated.

The Rev. Ralph Abernathy, who inherited the leadership of the Poor People's Campaign when Dr. King was killed, has said again and again that if the Campaign fails, America and not the poor citizens of Resurrection City will have failed. If he is right, the rest of the nation had better make ready for the heartbreak because it is apparently on its way.

The poor people are demanding three basic things: decent housing for all those who need it; jobs for those who want to and can work; and a guaranteed annual income for those who can't. But Congress, with the exception of a few individual members, has been remarkably reluctant to discuss the poor people in Resurrection City in anything but a negative and hostile manner. President Johnson, who has made it clear that "extensive preparations" have been made to deal with the poor in the event of trouble, has also been critical of the Campaign.

The negative responses of the President and Congress have begun to filter down to the rank and file in Resurrection City, and the majority of them—unlike their leaders—seem to be contemplating an escalation in tactics from their present nonviolent level to the realm of disruptive physical confrontations. They don't do much singing these days, but when they are moved to sing songs such as "We Shall Overcome" they do so in a distracted manner that leads one to believe that their hearts really aren't in it. They do like to sing "This May Be the Last Time," however, and when they do it's obvious that they are singing about nonviolent campaigns aimed at the consciences of bodies like this hard-hearted Congress.

ROBERT TERRELL

(Robert Terrell is a member of the staff of the N.Y. Post.)

RENEWAL IN CANADA

TURNING THE PEOPLE LOOSE

London, Ontario

Not a few people attribute the relative calm of the Canadian Catholic Church, *vis à vis* the Church in the United States, to the culture lag between the two countries, and predict that it is only a matter of time before the ferments active in the U.S. will be fully felt in Canada. They may be right. But there are those to disagree, those who see the smoother adjustment to reform and renewal accountable in a combination of factors, ranging from more manageable population numbers to the leadership qualities of the Canadian bishops. This explanation may also be facile, but the facts remain that the Canadian Church has been able to push ahead, with problems of discipline and defections, so called, not radically altered from pre-Council patterns.

According to this reasoning, the key to the more settled state of ecclesiastical affairs in Canada is the hierarchy. Bishop G. Emmett Carter of London, Ontario, puts it this way: "Canadian bishops have a more profound theological understanding of what it is to be a bishop and to be independent from Rome." The comment sounds bumptious, but a case can be made to support the as-

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sertion. The Canadian bishops have moved ahead, however cautiously, in the use of women in the liturgy (as lectors and leaders of the chant); in the simplification of legalisms (the obligations attached to the feasts of All Saints and the Immaculate Conception have been suspended, and, with the exception of Christmas and New Years, the observance of other holy days has been moved to the Sunday nearest the feast); in organizational updating (the Holy Name Society has been scuttled as being without further purpose); and in the establishment of experimental centers for the liturgy (though in Canada the euphemism for "experimentation" is "adaptation"). "The solidarity of the hierarchy has helped us," Bishop Carter explains. "We have our differences of opinion, but they are battled out. We've been remarkably successful in achieving consensus."

Bishop Carter speaks of bishops, but the Church in Canada is not essentially a Church *of* and *by* bishops; nor *of* and *by* bishops and clergy. It is also consciously a Church of laity, and this as much as anything else may account for the present institutional stability of the Canadian Church. The policy has been to aim to build up a sense of belonging among the laity, and to seek to make them appreciate that much can still be done within the structured Church. Bishop Carter and the Diocese of London may not be typical, but they do provide practical indication of the approach and the status of the layman in the life of the Church in Canada. Bishop Carter has taken the lead by convening in the Diocese of London what is said to be the first synod in modern Church history which represents all levels of a diocese, and the laity most prominently.

The decision to involve the laity in the synod results from a conviction on Bishop Carter's part that the infallibility of the Church rests primarily in the infallibility of the People of God, spoken of in Vatican II's Constitution on the Church, and a personal psychology that if the Church is to be saved from its present crisis, it will only be saved by a laity sensitive about its collective responsibility for the Church. Hence in numbers equal to the number of priests of the diocese (275), laity of the Diocese of London have been debating and helping decide questions which in dioceses without exception have historically been settled by clergy solely: baptismal policies relating to converts; methods of receiving the Eucharist (sentiment favors leavened bread and reception by hand); and building plans (one pressure from the synod would scrap the formal church concept in favor of parish centers, preferably ecumenical in their use).

Bishop Carter confesses to initial nervousness about "turning the people loose," and his was a nervousness shared by Pope Paul. "Do you think your people are ready for this?" the Pope inquired of Bishop Carter. "I believe they are," Bishop Carter responded, "and I feel that it is necessary that we trust them." Bishop Carter has, but the trust has been sometimes unrecognized, other times uncredited. Charges of episcopal cunning and of tampering with synodal reports circulated, and evoked from Bishop Carter angry rebuttal. "In my first synodal address, I mentioned that some persons would be incapable of accepting the freedom of this synod, because to accept it would mean that they would have to stop their behind-the-bush sniping," he shot back at a synod session. "Since this type of action is characteristic of arrested emotional development, some people are incapable of stopping it. They must find an excuse to carry on. The only way they can do so . . . is to pretend that everything is not 'open and aboveboard.' " The bishop's rejoinder was widely reported by the press (all synod sessions are open to the media), with the net result that he gained by display of indignation trust that he was unable to solidify by profession of intent. The suspicion and doubt were discouraging to Father L. W. Paré, secretary-general of the synod, but only initially so. "We must accept them as part of our historical situation," he remarked. "The Church has not fostered honesty and openness, so there is no reason to expect either to be recognized among us."

One result of Bishop Carter's outburst has been a quickening of general interest in the synod. Though synod business is not getting back to the people as completely as most would like, at least a message of the synod has: the decision-making process in the Diocese of London has in fact been declericalized and it is now possible for a wide circle of people to sense involvement, direct and indirect, in the decisions of the diocese. Of course, London, like Canadian dioceses generally, is of a size for this to happen. Population figures are still within totals where dioceses can maintain a personalism and people can identify, should they choose. London is the second-largest English-speaking diocese in Canada, but it is still only 260,000 Catholics in a population of 600,000 spread over 7,000 square miles. It makes a difference. Whatever large population numbers might mean in terms of affluence and broadness of mission, smaller numbers allow for more intimate communication and more orderly decision-making, by simple fact of size alone. The London synod is a perfect case in point. The synod is presently in its parliamentary phase, which means the submission of reports by the 14 synodal commissions to the entire body of the synod for discussion and debate. Formal 10-minute interventions are allowed anyone filing notice beforehand of intention to speak; after the formal interventions, a free discussion period is provided wherein all synod members have the right to speak for three-minutes each. In London this presents no traffic problem. But what of a larger diocese? A priest-observer from the Archdiocese of Detroit returned to the U.S. baffled how a similarly structured and free synod could be staged in Detroit without the synod becoming endless. If London's ratio of priests to laity were adopted, Detroit's synod would be triple in size.

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The London synod was convened three years ago and will conclude by Easter, 1969, with the codification and publication of documents. Bishop Carter is cautious about predictions, but he does see the diocese coming out of the synod more conservative from what it was when it went in. "Conservative in the good sense," he adds. "Trends toward extremism have been reversed. Gripes have been minimized. Complacency has been cut down." The major influence in all of this, Bishop Carter is convinced, is not the clergy and certainly not himself. It is the laity. "We live in times comparable to the Council of Ephesus," he reflects, "when the bishops were very near to heresy and it was the laity who proved the salvation of the Church." He sees history repeating itself.

Bishop Carter is not saying that the Church today needs saving from the bishops, but he strongly suggests that it may need saving from extremists among the clergy. "The faith of the people is very sound," he comments, "and it will prove the stabilizing influence. When we reach in renewal those things which are essential, the people are going to demand that we don't go any further. We are pushing that point now, and I can feel the demand forming in the people. I see it in the synod." Bishop Carter, 56, does not expect to live long enough to see the world Church "pass through its present valley of sorrow," but he is convinced it will survive—"purified" and with "the presence of Christ . . . more manifest than it is today."

JOHN DEEDY

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COMMUNITY CONTROL OF SCHOOLS

SCARSDALE, YES—HARLEM, NO

What seemed the last best hope of salvaging urban public school systems was extinguished by the New York State legislature. By refusing to transfer educational power to a system of community school boards in New York City, the legislature demonstrated that little public will exists to undertake the necessary rehabilitation of public education in the cities.

Since school integration is not likely in the near future and compensatory education programs have not significantly improved pupil performance, community control (read: black power) appeared as a final gambit. And one can forcefully argue that community control is essential. The Coleman Report found that the Negro poor achieve in a racially and socio-economically integrated setting mainly because black pupils do not feel powerless: "A pupil attitude factor which appears to have a stronger relationship to achievement than do all the 'school' factors together is the extent to which an individual feels that he has some control over his destiny."

This spring the political stage for a major educational breakthrough was set. Mayor John Lindsay, one of the most racially sensitive of city mayors, submitted a plan to decentralize the New York City school system of 900 schools into 30 school districts run by school boards, a majority of whose members were to be elected by parents. The Bundy plan (named after the head of the Mayor's advisory panel that wrote the study, Ford Foundation President, McGeorge Bundy) was a remarkable document. Acceptable to many black school activists, the Bundy plan also appeared comprehensible to state legislators. They could see little difference from their own suburban and rural school districts in such a scheme.

Bundy's master stroke was to invest educational power with parents rather than with the public at large. One reason suburban schools function as well as they do is that citizen interest in the schools is guaranteed. Suburbanites, paying two-thirds of their taxes for schools, automatically concern themselves with who serves on school boards and the policies these boards make. In the cities, where urban dwellers pay only one-fifth of their taxes for the schools, and where no one in living memory recalls electing school boards with any power, interest in public schools is negligible. Who should have a greater and more natural stake in the schools than the parents of the pupils in those schools?

But, what should have happened, didn't. Instead, the State Legislature, under heavy political threat from the United Federation of Teachers, scrapped any plan even barely resembling Bundy's. The legislature, postponing action for a year, mandated the Board of Education, officially and actively hostile to community control, to devise a scheme for the legislature's consideration. Virtually no chance exists that the board will reverse its position of antagonism to the Bundy proposals and recommend a viable decentralization program.

Yet, from the beginning, prospects for the Bundy plan were slim. Racism infected the discussion and debate of Bundy's recommendations. One Albany legislator candidly informed a supporter of school decentralization: "I'm afraid of giving Negroes that much power." What is good enough for Scarsdale apparently is too good for Harlem. And the UFT took every opportunity to charge that school decentralization would mean that the "school system (will) be taken over by extremists"—in this case, black extremists.

The fact that this was an election year strongly affected the outcome. Legislators, all up for reelection in the fall, gave undue consideration to UFT demands, once the union vowed to campaign against supporters of strong school decentralization. Similarly, Mayor Lindsay, a

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Republican Presidential dark horse, was more cautious in his actions than is his custom. Initially, the Mayor and his closest advisors considered the Bundy proposals much too radical; they immediately attempted to soften the impact by amending the original plan to exclude high schools and by strengthening the power of the central Board of Education.

Certainly, much was lost by the Mayor's caution. Lindsay's ability to transform most political issues into moral crusades would have appreciably helped the Bundy plan's chances had he decided to make a fight of it. Rather, Lindsay only seemed to be going through the motions of supporting the Bundy plan. He made few emphatic statements urging the plan either to the press or on his weekly television program. The one forceful speech the Mayor did deliver—before leaders of civic organizations—placed blame for school failure "equally with the environment in which children grow up, and the school system that is unable to redeem the effects of that environment." But the speech went unreported in the press and was given at a time when even the most sympathetic school decentralization supporter conceded the battle lost.

A committee of citizens for school decentralization, organized by the Mayor's office, reflected Lindsay's tepid feelings. The committee, chaired by Radio Corporation of America President, Robert Sarnoff, was composed mostly of upper middle class citizens, few of whom could be readily identified with public schools. It was a point not lost on Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, who saw the committee as another example of exclusion of the poor and their representatives. In the end, New York's Negro newspaper, *The Amsterdam News*, criticized the Mayor for refusing to "stand by his guns regarding decentralization."

But Mayor Lindsay was not responsible for stopping school decentralization; the Mayor never commanded more than a handful of political friends in the State Legislature. Credit for that defeat must go to the UFT and its President, Albert Shanker. The union has long cultivated alliances with state legislators and Shanker led the union in waging an effective scare campaign. Armed with a critique of the Bundy plan combining obfuscating irrelevancies with telling points, UFT representatives spoke against the Bundy plan at over 200 school meetings.

The union spared no expense in getting its message across: Pamphlets critical of school decentralization were mailed to legislators; radio and newspaper advertisements against the Bundy plan and its substitutes were plentiful. The UFT message was clear: school decentralization would mean chaos, reprisals on white teachers from black parents, and a mass exodus of teachers from the schools.

During the final weeks of the legislative session, the UFT received an able assist from some black parents. The governing board of one of three experimental school districts operating eight schools in Ocean-Hill-Brownsville summarily dismissed 13 teachers and five supervisors without benefit of charges or hearings. The 18 were ordered to central headquarters for reassignment. It was a costly mistake.

The Ocean-Hill-Brownsville experiment was a misadventure from the start. The experiment, funded by the Ford Foundation, had been devised by the Board of Education last summer, partly to ward off the Mayor's proposed plan. Few powers were granted to the experiment. Parents could elect a governing board, which in turn could appoint a unit administrator who would merely select his supervisory staff. Naturally, for a community intent on control of its schools, the result could be nothing but disastrous.

Given little aid by the board (key school officials were conveniently on vacation when the experiment was begun and needed help most), undermined by the UFT (union teachers, originally on the Governing Board, seceded, and worked against the project), and feeling betrayed by Bundy and the Ford Foundation (the Bundy plan made no specific provision for continuing the three experiments), the Ocean-Hill-Brownsville governing board finally attempted to forcibly seize control of its schools. For nearly two weeks, teachers and students alternately boycotted the schools and each other.

For the governing board to gain control required changing state educational law; in short, school decentralization. The dispute gave brief life to a Bundy substitute plan, conceived by State Education Commissioner James Allen and the Board of Regents and backed by Lindsay and Governor Rockefeller. But, as the Ocean-Hill-Brownsville confrontation continued, support for the Regents plan faded. The Governing Board attempted to correct its error and offered to submit the dismissals to binding arbitration. But it was too late. By then the UFT had convinced legislators of its views. As a result, educational power remains with the teachers' union, the largest organized educational force in the city, which, through negotiations, determines three-fourths of the muncipal education budget. Yet, next year promises more confrontations between ghetto parents and the schools.

Are urban public school systems worth keeping? If the sociological findings of such as Coleman, and Greeley and Rossi, are on the right track, the recourse for urban blacks may be to send their children to black private schools operated and managed by the Negro community. But does any black institution exist capable of creating a protective atmosphere similar to that once offered by Catholic parochial schools? So far, what we have learned is negative. The urban public school is not equipped to educate the children of the poor. MAURICE R. BERUBE

(Maurice R. Berube was Chief of Research and Information, New York City Office of Education Liaison, during the school decentralization controversy.)

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THE BOGEY OF REVOLUTION

We are increasingly dedicated to the world as it is

MICHAEL PARENTI

Whether the various Communist nations in the world work in unison or independently of each other is less important to the cold-war true believer than whether or not they are Communists. For those opposed to "the horrors of Communism" it is small consolation to discover that a Communist insurgency is indigenous rather than foreign controlled. Here we are confronted with the view that ten devils—even ten who contest each other—are at least as bad as one. And whether or not Satan takes on new appearances, he is still Satan.

No matter that the revolutionaries in some country enjoy popular support and represent nationalistic sentiment, or that they are willing and eager to pursue a neutralist course in East-West relations, thereby posing no threat to the security of the United States; no matter that neither Moscow nor Peking can control them or profit from their revolution—at least no more than we; what matters is that they have been labeled "Communists," and even if we need not save them from the Russians or the Chinese, it appears that we need still save them from themselves.

Yet the contention that we are prepared to do battle with Communism in all its appearances is itself not quite accurate, for, in fact, Yugoslavs and Poles have tasted the advantages of American subsidies and trade, and Washington signs treaties and enjoys cultural exchanges with Moscow. It would seem that some Communists are not such devils after all, at least not to the extent that we need be chronically antagonistic toward them. The acceptable Communists are those who, by the U.S. view, are reconciled to the ongoing world, while the unacceptable ones are those presumed to be antagonistic toward this world, the propagators of violence and revolution. "Revolution," rather than "Communism" *per se,* seems to be the crucial factor. General Maxwell Taylor, when a close advisor to Lyndon Johnson, saw a world beset by actual and potential "troublemakers," whom he defined as follows: "Most of them are presently Communist, but *this is not an essential characteristic.*" The essential characteristic was that they are disruptive of "world stability."

From opposing Communists because they might be revolutionaries, it became a short step to opposing revolutionaries because they might be Communists. For all our talk of a better future for mankind, we have become increasingly apprehensive about the world to be and increasingly dedicated to the world as it is. Thus have we surrendered to Communism the sponsorship of revolution everywhere.

American policymakers insist that they accept and even encourage peaceful change; their opposition is to *violent* change. World politics is viewed as a contest between the forces of orderly evolution and the forces of subversion and aggression. This position assumes (a) that the U.S. has the right to define the limits and methods of change within other nations, (b) that our own security interests necessitate an American counter-revolutionary role, (c) that revolutions in various countries are a greater evil than the violent oppression employed by the ruling groups to maintain their privileged positions, or a greater evil than the cumulative ongoing deprivations suffered by the people, and (d) that social revolutions can be peacefully accomplished within the established order of most third-world nations.

Let us start with the last assumption. It is contended by many liberal policymakers that they are not so much

MICHAEL PARENTI *is a political science teacher at Sarah Lawrence and the author of* The Anti-Communist Impulse.

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opposed to the *objectives* of social revolutions as the *methods,* and that they too favor the elimination of the wants and abuses extant in poorer countries. But these transformations must be effected slowly and peacefully, a qualification which sounds reasonable enough to affluent Americans who, experiencing none of the miseries that afflict the masses in other lands, are capable of an admirable forbearance.

But the appeal to non-violent gradualism bears little relation to the reality faced by severely deprived peoples. The simple fact is that in most countries social revolutions cannot be peaceably accomplished. "Revolution by peaceful means is an historical rarity," Senator Fulbright reminds us. "It requires the optimism of Dr. Pangloss to expect Asian and Latin American nations, beset as they are with problems of poverty and population unknown in Western Europe and North America, to achieve by peaceful means what nations with vastly greater advantages were able to achieve only by violent revolution."

Perhaps in very prosperous nations where the poverty is relatively limited compared to the available resources, and where reallocations can be made without jeopardizing the essential interests of the ruling classes, then peaceful changes of limited scope might be achieved by political means. But in the poor nations, as Conor Cruise O'Brien points out, the oppressed are not minorities but masses; the resources are not bountiful but scarce. For the landowners, large merchants, military chieftains, usurers, sweat-shop owners, and top bureaucrats whose existence depends on maintaining a tight control on the limited wealth, social revolution, whether peaceful or violent, threatens their *raison d'être.* The admonition, "If *you* don't carry out reforms then the Communists will," makes little sense to the native rulers for whom the voluntary implementation of basic structural reforms would be nothing less than an act of class suicide, as fatal to their privileged existence as any violent change.

The failure of peaceful reform is usually ascribed to the "corruption" and "mismanagement" of the ruling functionaries. But agrarian reform programs are technically simple affairs, certainly when compared to the herculean feats performed on behalf of war and military build-up, and even rulers of the caliber found in Saigon, with minimal U.S. assistance, could implement a realistic land program in a short time. Not innocent ineptitude but deliberate intent has been behind their inertia. If anyone is shortsighted it is those Americans who seem unable to understand that oligarchs have no interest in jeopardizing their positions by introducing substantive innovations, and feel no compulsion to "mend their ways" as long as we remain willing to expend American wealth and American blood in their defense. Repeated appeals to anti-Communist ideology are usually sufficient to induce escalated U.S. military efforts, and native elites soon learn to speak in the idiom of American anti-Communism, producing the kind of testimony that best feeds Washington's own demonological view of the world.

Here we have reached a curious state of affairs: what began as an American commitment to peaceful non-violent change ends as an American commitment to violent defense of the status quo. Violence may not be employed for change but it may be utilized to prevent change. Throughout such ventures, the anti-Communist double standard is rigorously maintained: the Soviets or Chinese may not send troops to support the revolution but the United States may send forces to suppress the revolution. We ourselves are quite capable of perpetrating violent changes—as demonstrated in Guatemala and Santo Domingo—on behalf of reaction[ism]. By buttressing "stability" in various countries, the U. S. frequently helps to destroy whatever conditions exist for peaceful change. The pattern is something like this: Small numbers of social reformers—usually urban intellectuals, trade unionists and professional politicians—seek to break the hold of reactionary forces but remain unwilling to base themselves in a revolutionary movement of workers and peasants. Lacking mass support, yet soon becoming the objects of government repression, these reformers must either turn toward revolution or retreat into quietism. As Lynd and Hayden observe, "While American Peace

Corpsmen and aid officials ply their Sisyphean labors in the villages, other Americans work among the oligarchs and generals to prevent a radical force from emerging. The reformer falls."

It is said that we cannot renege on our commitments to other peoples, but to my knowledge our commitments are not to other peoples but to governments that most often represent some special faction of the populace. When we support a government, we must ask ourselves what faction, what particular interests are we helping? The question leads to some dismaying discoveries about those to whom we have pledged ourselves. But whatever their grave shortcomings, do not these rulers represent something better than the kind of tyranny that "revolutionary Communism" would impose?

Understandably, American sensibilities are offended by certain features of social revolutionary governments such as one-party rule, zealous propaganda, and the use of coercion to implement revolutionary changes—includ-

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ing the forceful suppression of elements that openly challenge the legitimacy of revolutionary goals. But what is significant is not that *we* find these practices undesirable but that the people who live under these new social systems find much that is preferable to the old regimes, much that they seem prepared to defend. The Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba was a fiasco not because of "insufficient air coverage" but because the Cuban people, instead of rising to join the counterrevolutionary liberating forces, as anticipated by the CIA, closed ranks behind Castro. Another "captive people," the North Vietnamese, have acted equally strangely. Instead of treating the severe social and material dislocations caused by the American aerial war as a golden opportunity to overthrow Hanoi's yoke, they have rallied to the support of their beleaguered government.

In the South, the Viet Cong continue to enjoy all the tactical guerrilla advantages of concealment, supply, inaccessibility and surprise, largely because they have the active support of most of the people in the countryside—something they could not get by intimidation alone. (If coercion and intimidation brought support, then by now we should have easily won the populace to our side.)

Revealing explanations as to why people side with the Communist revolutionaries come from some rather unexpected sources: "For years now in Southeast Asia," Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge admitted, "the only people who have been doing anything for the little man —to lift him up—have been the Communists." In a similar vein, James Reston wrote, "Even Premier Ky told this reporter today that the Communists were closer to the peoples' yearnings for social justice and an independent life than his own government." More specifically: (a) the peasants want land; the Viet Cong distribute the land to them; (b) the Saigon authorities and the American forces with their massive and indiscriminate fire power alienate far more of the populace than do the Viet Cong. (c) Vietnamese nationalism, mobilized for many decades, responds more favorably to the liberation fighters than to a French-supported or American-created government in Saigon.

There are anti-Communist liberals who conclude that anyone who utters a good word for leftist-authoritarian revolutions must himself harbor anti-democratic or "Maoist" sentiments. But to applaud social revolutions is not to oppose political freedom. To the extent that social revolutionary governments construct substantive alternatives for their people, they increase human options and freedom. There is no such thing as freedom in the abstract; there is freedom to speak as one chooses, freedom of opportunity in getting an education and pursuing a profession, freedom from want, freedom to worship or not worship, freedom to construct and enjoy certain social benefits, etc. Social revolutionary governments extend a number of these freedoms without destroying those which never existed; they foster conditions necessary for national self-determination, economic development, the preservation of health and human life, the end of class oppression and foreign exploitation and perhaps eventually the expansion of political freedoms which an educated populace begins to demand.

The official anti-Communist axiom is: "any revolutionary victory for Communism anywhere represents a diminution of freedom in the world." The concern for freedom is admirable but the assertion is false. The Chinese revolution did not crush democracy; there was none to crush. The Cuban revolution did not destroy freedom; it destroyed a hateful police state. The Algerian Revolution did not abolish national liberties; none existed under French colonialism. Neither the Viet Minh nor the NLF abrogated individual rights; there was precious little of that for the peasant masses under Bao Dai, Diem or Ky. No one today worries excessively about the political oppressions suffered in South Korea, Thailand, Taiwan, Paraguay, Peru, etc. The heartfelt American desire to bring the forms of political democracy to Chinese, Cuban and Vietnamese peasants ("Are they able to read more than one opinion? Do they have realistic choice when they vote?") rarely extends to the non-revolutionary regimes.

Is the pain of revolution worth the gain? Cost-benefit accounting is a complicated business when applied to social transitions. But have we ever bothered to measure the violence of revolution against the violence that preceded it? "I do not know how one measures the price of historical victories," Robert Heilbroner said, "or how one can ever decide that a diffuse gain is worth a sharp and particular loss. I only know that the way in which we ordinarily keep the books of history is wrong." We make no tally of the generations claimed by that combination of neglect and brutalization so characteristic of the old regimes, the hapless victims of flood and famine in the Yangtze valley of yesterday, the child-prostitutes found dead in the back alleys of old Shanghai, the nameless muzhiks stricken by cold and starvation. And what of today? "No one," Heilbroner reminds us, "is now totaling up the balance of the wretches who starve in India, or the peasants of Northeastern Brazil who live in swamps on crabs, or the undernourished and permanently stunted children of Hong Kong or Honduras. Their sufferings go unrecorded and are not present to counterbalance the scales when the furies of revolutions strike . . ."

Let us mourn those who fall in the whirl of revolution yet keep in mind the millions elsewhere who are slowly obliterated by reactionism without drama, glory or purpose. Even were we successful in repressing all revolts today and forever, the violence against humanity which is the common condition of status quo reactionism would still be with us. If our concern is for the freedom and well-being of mankind then we should consider supporting, rather than opposing, social revolutions.

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What's black is right

A PLACE FOR WHITEY?

ERNEST GARVEY

> You who philosophize disgrace,
> and criticize all fears;
> take the rag away from your face
> now ain't the time for your tears.
>
> Bob Dylan, "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll," 1963.

Back in 1963, the great majority of whites had no business shedding tears for the murder of Hattie Carroll. In 1968, the question is whether even white radicals can shed useful tears for the murder of Martin Luther King, or relate to the racial violence that preceded and has followed his assassination. The Poor People's Campaign, conceived by Dr. King, with its emphasis on the poor rather than blacks, marks a welcome full-circle return to the integrated radical reformism of 1963; the question is whether it can avoid co-optation or the loss of discipline and degeneration into violence. Much depends on the Establishment response, which has thus far erred on the side of *noblesse oblige*.

The white radical response to racial violence in 1968 has been a good deal less reasoned than the official response. When Washington explored the week of April 5, the Committee for Emergency Support swung into action. The Committee was organized during the summer of 1967 by Washington's white liberal/radical community; it centered around the Institute for Policy Studies, which above all wanted to be relevant if radical violence occurred.

Last summer, as Newark and Detroit blew, the Committee met frequently, sure that Washington would be next, seeking a role. Then, black faces were still plentiful at meetings, if only to berate the well-meaning whites. Two distinct currents of thought emerged; the first, characteristic of the old liberals, asked: how can we restrain the level of official violence should black violence break out? How can we relate black activity to the peace movement? How can we respond to material needs during the crisis—food, shelter, legal and medical aid? "How can we cool the ghetto?" was definitely out, even for the moderates.

The second current was more revolutionary; it stopped just short of asking: what can we do to promote a riot? Its main concern was how white radicals could show solidarity with rebelling blacks. During one session, there were glowing reports from Detroit of integrated looting, a sign that the apocalypse was at hand. In response to the question, "what can whites do?" it was suggested that white allies could bring in gasoline from the suburbs for Molotov cocktails. A founding member of the Committee drew an elaborate sketch of a gasoline bomb, which later appeared on the cover of the *New York Review of Books;* that issue sold out the same day.

During the discussions of last summer, the very nomenclature employed to identify the expected violence became ideologically charged. "Riot" was *verboten*; it implied wanton, apolitical violence. Among the various terms favored by the white-in-waiting were "rebellion," "uprising," "revolt," "pogrom," and later "jacquerie." These terms invested the anticipated violence with a political meaningfulness, a deliberateness of action, which the sympathetic whites deeply hoped were there.

What Can Whites Do?

When the summer passed with no major violence in Washington, the Committee for Emergency Support transformed itself into the Center for Emergency Support, complete with permanent staff and regular meetings. Nevertheless, the Center was ill prepared when "it" finally happened, prematurely, in the spring of 1968. The Center was able to provide some legal and medical aid, and the previously-organized committees of food and clothing distribution were somewhat helpful in relieving the material needs of homeless blacks; but suburban church groups, OEO legal assistance and Georgetown law and medical students were engaged in much the same kind of activity. The white radicals were determined that this not be the extent of their role, now that the long-anticipated violence had come.

The crisis meeting of C.E.S. degenerated into an Alice-in-Wonderland of ideological speculation and suggestion whenever the discussion got beyond matters of food distribution and legal aid. A declaration, signed by people who should have known better, demanded, among other things, the immediate withdrawal of police and troops, so that indigenous ghetto institutions of self-protection could be formed; the opening of supermarkets and other stores in the ghetto not yet forcibly opened so that "indigenous

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ERNEST GARVEY *is the pseudonym of an employee of the federal government in Washington and a frequent contributor.*

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economic institutions could arise." (I asked one of the signers what would happen once existing stocks were depleted and, after a thoughtful pause, he replied that the *Federal Government might be asked to re-supply.*)

At one point, it was proposed that a demonstration of sympathetic whites (sympathetic to what?) be mounted at 14th and U in the ghetto, to demand the withdrawal of the police. When asked how the blacks would know that we were good whites, someone proposed arm bands in black and green, like those being worn by Howard students. Someone else proposed clerical collars. (I barely suppressed the temptation to suggest blackface.) It was then proposed that since the ghetto was confused enough, we might instead demonstrate in front of the Justice Department, whereupon one enraged radical demanded: "Do I hear you saying that we ought to demonstrate for the removal of the police while we are *under the protection of the police*?" There was embarrassed silence. It was indeed a dilemma.

All present were white. One black girl who arrived late, after eight hours at a police station, said that if the group was serious it should leave ideology for later and try to get some people out of jail. The few who had been directly involved—the lawyers, the doctors—disputed the contentions of police brutality; but in general, the only way to fend off being moderate-baited was to preface every caution with "but how do we know that the blacks really want. . . ."

As Arthur Waskow, probably the most thoughtful member of the Center, later remarked, no one anticipated how hip the Establishment would be. If official Washington had responded with the expected overkill, whites willing to put their bodies on the line to prevent a pogrom would have been very relevant. But in most un-Leninlike fashion, the Center reacted to what it expected would happen, not what was happening. True enough. However, the Center for Emergency Support's misjudgment was even more fundamental than that; in fact, its misjudgment was probably characteristic of much of the white left's misunderstanding of riots, to use the forbidden word. The white radicals assumed that riots constitute a revolutionary situation. Riots do not. They are, by and large, devoid of immediate political content or political objectives. In sociological jargon, they are not "instrumental." Certainly, they represent pre-political violence, and they are related to long-term political alienation. But they are without a rationale, without immediate political demands, and usually without leadership, although radical black leaders often speak with the voice of the ghetto and authentically reflect its bitterness. (Despite the white press, when Stokely Carmichael said, "Get off the streets unless you have a gun," he did not mean go get a gun. He meant get off the streets.) In pre-political violence, the boarder intellectual community is necessarily absent, because the blacks, whether they be inarticulate looters or spohisticated ideologues, have little use for the white radical intellectual. So even during an uprising, the white radical must be largely unemployed.

Moreover, white officialdom is learning to respond to riots with a minimum of official violence, so as not to touch off greater rebellion and a greater sense of legitimacy in the black community. Washington was not Newark. And Richard Daley and Grayson Kirk notwithstanding, Washington will be the model. There is a great danger in this. By learning to absorb greater degrees of alienation and anti-social behavior through technology or social psychology, the system obviates either revolution or the radical reform whose absence is the cause of the disorder. Riots are treated as another natural disaster. This is catastrophic because it permits the perpetuation of an underclass and, through effective social control, denies it even suicidal revolt. The culprit, "white racism," officially identified with a frankness that caught even the radical left off guard, having been named is tamed, and business goes on as usual. (*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*?)

Return to Reform

Where does this leave the white left? As someone paraphrased Régis Debray, the duty of a revolutionary is to revolve, so the white left goes round and round, knowing that there is a revolution somewhere, but lacking the means to relate to it.

Three kinds of response have emerged. I catalogue them: Maoist, yassuh/masochist, and radical reformist. Maoist is well illustrated by the radical wing of the Center for Emergency Support. It assumes that the urban riots are inherently revolutionary, whereas they are not. This group would encourage riots, in the hope that they will advance the date of the revolution. It rejoices in riots because they represent the system at its weakest point, and because they politicize the ghetto and polarize whites.

The second response, the yassuh/masochist, is similar to the first. Its article of faith is that what's black is right; it doesn't know when it is being put on. This wave of white radical response peaked at the Chicago New Politics Conference last summer. It was severely strained by the recent happenings at Columbia, when black militants chased SDS out of Hamilton Hall, and later were treated courteously by police while white radicals were bloodied. The white radical who takes the line that what's black is right is put in an ambivalent position when radical blacks come to terms with the system, as the Harlem demonstrators did at Columbia or Leroi Jones did in Newark. The logic of the yassuh/masochist position is that Jones is right and Hayden wrong—by definition. The white radical's dedication is tested when police go easy on black demonstrators, or when his black comrades obviously don't care what happens to him. One black leader at Columbia was quoted as saying that the white slobs (presumably SDS) got what they deserved. At the Uni-

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versity of Maryland, a joint CORE-SDS demonstration ended with CORE being recognized as a bargaining agent, and SDS being kicked off campus; there was no murmur of protest from CORE.

The logic of this attitude inhibits a white radical from legitimately questioning whether a black ally has good politics, or any politics at all. What emerges is the irony of a disgruntled radical white racism that mirrors establishment white racism: blacks have no political sense, blacks are opportunists, blacks get favorable treatment, we're only trying to help, we had a Negro and he didn't work out; etc. But if the white left genuinely believes in black power, well and good. It's natural that the white radical should get burned if he persists in dabbling.

The third response is the radical reformist, or fight-white-racism-in-the-white-community. "Organize in the white community" emerged at the NSA congress last year and then at Chicago as a polite black euphemism for "get off my back and go back to Scarsdale." It has been given a new boost by the currency of "white racism," courtesy of the Kerner Commission report.

The Committee of Returned Peace Corps Volunteers, the National Council of Churches, the National Student Association, the Urban Coalition and other white groups are all organizing fight-white-racism projects. Nobody is quite sure what the slogan means, however. When violence occurs, it means mobilizing whites of good will to discredit Mayor Daley and staving off a drift to fascism, but what does it mean in between riots? It must mean something more than preaching love-thy-neighbor-in-the-suburbs, because until there is a major economic overhaul, there won't be enough blacks who can afford to token integrate the most cautiously repentant white suburb. Certainly, we must be talking about fighting white racism institutionally, not just attitudinally. And since the black/white revolution is stalemated, this must mean a return to the radical reformism of the early SDS. A return to radical reformism, because talk of revolution is absurd unless we want to bring about an absolute polarization where the right is sure to win. LeRoi Jones will surely comprehend this long before SDS does.

Fighting white racism means fighting the institutions of white racism. It means fair housing and jobs campaigns; it means taking the $30 billion a year that Vietnam is costing and rebuilding the ghetto, as the Conyers bill details; it means a radical reform of the educational system at all levels. It also means a revolutionary change in impersonal, immovable political and bureaucratic institutions, whose unresponsiveness has disproportionately disadvantaged the black man, and a return to Jeffersonian local control. In municipal government, in police power and public education, this call is being raised by the few whites who are bridging the widening chasm between liberal and radical. It, too, is reminiscent of the "participatory democracy" of the early SDS.

Mao notwithstanding, there is nothing inherently racist about capitalism or capitalist about racism. Russia has its prejudices; Latin America has its multi-racial societies, capitalist, feudal or socialist. American capitalism does not depend on the existence of a racial underclass, although Southern feudalism probably does. In fact, the existence of a racial underclass, historically shunted to menial tasks, is impeding the transformation of American capitalism into a Swedish-style system. The evolution of the system depends on dissolving a distinct undercaste.

America's racial crisis may tear the system asunder, but it is unlikely to bring about the revolution. At Chicago, in the Washington riots, and at Columbia, the white left has been unable to embrace the black proletariat. To be relevant, the white radical—unless he is purely a Maoist for its own sake—must be drawn back to radical reform.

Return to where he started

BOB DYLAN'S GENTLE ANARCHY

JEAN STROUSE

Bob Dylan's new album, *John Wesley Harding,* is like the feeling left long after seeing "Bonnie and Clyde": gently anarchic. It is the anarchy of everyone doing his own thing, assuming that freedom can exist only outside the laws and layers of society. The outsiders—outlaw, hobo, immigrant, joker, thief, girl in chains, drifter, saint—form an existential community simply in reaction to "them." But Dylan is hardly simplistic: the album is a collection of narratives in precise moods and voices, and its affirmation lies in the community between artist and audience, in the poet's certainty that his vision is shared by those capable of understanding it.

Musically, *John Wesley Harding* is Dylan's return to where he started, knowing the place for the first time. After his famous experiments with electronic sound the

JEAN STROUSE *is with the* New York Review of Books. **All lyrics quoted, © 1968 by Dwarf Music and used by permission of the publisher.*

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backgrounds for these songs seem deceptively simple. The easy mingling of folk, rock, country-western, and blues is unobtrusive but superb; Dylan's voice has mellowed and lost its earlier plaintive tone; the beat and instrumentation (including electric bass, drums, steel guitar) of each song are perfectly fitted to the quality of the individual narrative.

The lyrics combine various formal conventions—ballad structures, allegorical characterizations, the epic distance of moral tales—with enigmatic Dylanisms. He is the master of the put-on as he sings narratives with no dramatic action, eluding meaning-seekers while drawing attention to the tone, imagery and assumptions of the voice he adopts. For example, "John Wesley Harding" is about an American Robin Hood, friend to the poor, who "never hurt an honest man." Dylan sings of the "time they talk about"—but skips the expected climax and we learn only that "he took a stand" and soon the situation was "all but straightened out." The only quality making Harding the hero of the song (and, as it is the title song, of the album) is his lawless goodness: he carries a gun in "every" hand but his virtues are gentle, even Christian. The song's assumptions are that Harding is an outlaw and a good guy, and that "they" are out to get him: "No charge against him could be proved. . . . No man could drag or chain him down." Dylan's playful use of syntax here ("a gun in every hand") and of rhyme and pronunciation elsewhere (in "The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest" *fright* is pronounced "freight" to rhyme with *sight* pronounced "sate,") contrasts with clichés like "always lend a helping hand," trite rhymes like "moon . . . spoon," and tortured word orders for the sake of rhyme. Is Dylan mocking the rules and limitations of language, using them to move beyond convention—or is he simply hung up trying to find rhymes and meters for his thoughts so they will somehow become songs? There is no reason why he would have to use rhymes if he felt they were only hanging him up. The rest of his verbal games are so sophisticated that this ineptitude seems to be part of a colossal and maybe defensive put-on. The attractive thing about put-ons is that you can wait for others' reactions before deciding how straight you want to play.

Dylan plays high on a tightrope strung out between richly religious, allusive moralizing and an arch tone of complete put-on. The Christian metaphors in "I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine" are used straight, without undercutting; but beyond the timely "sad complaint" of St. Augustine

(No martyr is among ye now
Whom you can call your own
But go your way accordingly
And know you're not alone)*

is the guilty dream of the speaker ("I was amongst the ones/That put him out to death,") his terrified awakening, and unstated questions of sin and redemption. The final image of the speaker ("I put my fingers against the glass/And bowed my head and cried") leaves a very real but mysterious sense of fear, guilt and aloneness: the old symbols work in vague emotional evocation, but any precise "interpretation" must follow the jaunty mockery of the harmonica's coda to a different end.

The sense of vague secular apocalypse is strongest in "All Along the Watchtower," a song that gets better all the time. It's worth quoting whole, because it condenses and reflects much of the rest of the album:

"There must be some way out of here,"
Said the joker to the thief.
"There's too much confusion,
I can't get no relief.
Businessmen they drink my wine,
Ploughmen dig my earth;
None of them along the line
Know what any of it is worth."
"No reason to get excited,"
The thief he kindly spoke.
"There are many here among us
who feel that life is but a joke.
But you and I we've been through that,
And this is not our fate;
So let us not talk falsely now,
The hour is getting late."

All along the watchtower
Princes kept the view,
While all the women came and went,
Barefoot servants too.
Outside in the distance
A wildcat did growl.
Two riders were approaching,
The wind began to howl.*

Roughly paraphrased: society is a total assault on jokers and thieves (Shakespeare's fools, biblical outcasts, the outsiders-as-social critic;) but rather than bitter invective, the reaction here is a casual certainty of revolution. "We" out here just have to get ourselves together and it will happen; "they" (princes, their women and barefoot servants) in there are doomed. The magnificent vagueness of "the wind began to howl," which could be the beginning of the song, is totally unlike the lack of climax in "John Wesley Harding." The title song is in the past tense, and we are assured by the narrative voice that everything came out all right, and that the specific action is irrelevant where the *style* of the hero becomes morality and affirmation. But here the issue is a kind of religious *belief*—hippie faith in the drug revolution, political faith in the third world and guerrilla warfare—a hope for radical change in the future-present that becomes apocalyptic as one becomes increasingly committed to it. Still, the belief that "it" will happen is tempered here by the frozen imminence of apocalypse, and it remains as accessible to doubts and hopes as the present.

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End Discrimination in the Draft Law

"It behooves every man who values liberty of conscience for himself to resist invasion of it in the case of others, or their case may by chance of circumstances become his own."

—Thomas Jefferson

PAX Rights of Conscience Campaign

LARGE BODIES of Christians have for centuries stressed the distinction between the "just" and "unjust" war. A series of great theologians established the specific conditions that must be applied to each war, and all these conditions must be met if the war is to be considered just.

Summarized, the just war distinctions permit participation in war only when:

1. **Declared by lawful authority and only as a last resort;**
2. **Just in cause, intentions, and methods;**
3. **Morally certain of success and of correcting more evil than it will cause.**

Thus, the Christian citizen is obliged to make a responsible decision on the serious matter of taking life in any war in which his country is engaged.

The draft law provides for conscientious objection and civilian alternative service for the person who is against *all* wars. On the other hand, a man who is prepared to fight in a just war is not permitted to follow his conscience if he considers a specific war unjust.

The draft law does not continue unchanged. It was last amended on July 1, 1967 and depending on the climate of public opinion it can be amended again.

THE PAX RIGHTS OF CONSCIENCE CAMPAIGN asks that the law be changed so that alternative service is made available to those who cannot participate in a particular war as well as those who are opposed to all wars. Alternative service is civilian work performed for the same length of time as military service, in approved agencies under civilian control, such as Church World Service, hospitals, rehabilitation centers, etc.

The principle of the primacy of conscience over the law of the state was upheld by the United States at Nurenberg. We ask that the responsibility of an individual to his conscience now be upheld at home.

Challenges from Leading Churchmen

The late Paul J. Hallinan, Catholic Archbishop of Atlanta, gave leadership in this move to rectify the discrimination in the draft law. He pointed out that "the nation has no intrinsic right to keep the individual's conscience, no matter how benignly." The conclusion that the nation has this right was spelled out in the majority decision of the National Advisory Committee on Selective Service, a citizens' advisory committee appointed by the President to advise Congress regarding changes in the selective service system. This committee, chaired by Mr. Burke Marshall, issued a majority opinion on conscientious objection which was opposed by a minority including Catholic theologian John Courtney Murray. The statement read:

> **"A determination of the justness or unjustness of any war could only be made within the context of that war itself. Forcing upon the individual the necessity of making that distinction . . . would have the practical effect of taking away the government's obligation of making it for him."**

Archbishop Hallinan called this decision "in the totalitarian, not the American tradition." He continued, "If the government's technique for classifying 'all war' objectors is sound there is no reason why it cannot be used for 'unjust war' objectors. To do otherwise is gross discrimination. I URGE THAT THE SELECTIVE SERVICE LAW BE AMENDED TO INCLUDE THE WORDS: 'THE CONSCIENCES OF THOSE WHO FOLLOW THE JUST WAR TRADITION SHOULD BE RESPECTED.' "

Other theologians have made similar statements. John M. Swomley (spokesman for the General Conference of the Methodist Church) stated in testimony before the Senate Armed Services Committee:

> **"Those who are conscientiously opposed to the war they are asked to fight are no less conscientious objectors because they are unprepared to generalize about past or future conflicts . . ." Dr. Swomley asked for "statutory recognition of conscientious objection to a particular war, declared or undeclared."**

The General Board of the National Council of the Churches of Christ recommended that the right of conscientious objection (allowing for non-combatant military service or alternative civilian service) be extended to those "who are conscientiously opposed to a particular war, declared or undeclared, that is, to the one which a young person confronts at the time of induction."

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Purpose of the PAX Campaign

This campaign is intended to call the rights of conscience and the just war tradition to public attention, and to reaffirm this Christian teaching as a basis for secular action.

The specific focus is to create a climate of opinion for a change in the draft law to provide for conscientious objector status for those who follow the just war tradition. Some results can already be seen. For example, Congressman Don Edwards of California placed the following statement in the Congressional Record:

> **"I call attention particularly to the inequity in the present legislation *in not recognizing the moral and religious obligations of Christians to abstain from participation in an unjust war.* The doctrine of the just war has a long tradition in Christian thought dating from the writings of St. Augustine in the Fifth Century, A.D. *The blanket requirement that conscientious objectors must disapprove of all war arbitrarily discriminates against those who prescribe to the just war tradition."***

The progress of the PAX RIGHTS OF CONSCIENCE Campaign will be made known to Congressmen and other leaders as the petitions are signed.

PAX is an association of Catholics and others who seek to promote peace and to encourage the application of Christian principles to the resolving of conflicts. Its membership includes both individuals committed to Christian non-violence and those who accept the just war tradition.

Among those who have signed the Rights of Conscience statement to date (organizations for identification purposes only):

Bishop John J. Wright, Bishop of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Philip J. Scharper, Sheed & Ward Publishers, New York City

Bishop James J. Shannon, Aux., Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.

Thomas Merton, Abbey of Gethsemani, Kentucky

John Darr, Ethical Culture School, Peace Education Committee, A.F.S.C., New York City

Sister M. Brendan, R.S.H.M., President, Marymount College, Tarrytown, N.Y.

Joseph Stern, attorney, Astoria, New York

Ed Rice, writer, founder JUBILEE Magazine

Rev. James Megivern, C.M., Head of Theology Department, St. John's University, N.Y.

Gordon C. Zahn, sociologist, author "German Catholics & Hitler's Wars"

Rev. Richard McSorley, S.J., Georgetown University, Washington, D.C.

Bishop Francis J. Green, Tucson, Arizona

Msgr. George G. Higgins, Social Action Dept., U.S.C.C., Washington, D.C.

Dorothy Dohen, sociologist, author "Nationalism in American Catholicism"

Rev. Paul Banet, S.S.J., Josephite Fathers, New York City

Ned O'Gorman, poet, author, "The Harvesters' Vase"

Rev. Daniel J. O'Hanlon, S.J., School of Theology, Alma College, Los Gatos, California

Gary MacEoin, co-author, "Synod '67"

Mr. & Mrs. John Pogue, The Johannines, New York City

Rev. Matthew Martin, C.P., Director of Schools, St. Michael's Monastery, Union City, New Jersey

Howard Everngam, harpsicord maker, associate editor, PEACE Magazine

Rev. Daniel Maguire, Department of Theology, Catholic University, Washington, D.C.

Eileen Egan, Catholic Relief Services, U.S.C.C.

Robert Mundy, Immaculate Conception Seminary, Huntington, New York

Clarice Danielsson, Education Dept., American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, AFL-CIO, Chairman PAX Rights of Conscience Campaign

PAX Rights of Conscience Campaign

What You Can Do

You can play a crucial part in the PAX RIGHTS OF CONSCIENCE CAMPAIGN:

1. **Sign the petition and return to PAX.**
2. **Send for further copies and obtain the signatures of local clergy and civic leaders.**
3. **Circulate the petition in local schools, colleges, and universities. Arrange to place this statement in school papers.**

Box 139, Murray Hill Station
New York, New York 10016

☐ I authorize the use of my name for support of the PAX RIGHTS of CONSCIENCE CAMPAIGN.

☐ I enclose a contribution of $_____ to further this campaign.

☐ I wish to join PAX and receive PEACE Quarterly ($3.00; subscription only, $2.00).

Name _____

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The moral seriousness of these reflections is offset by "The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest" and other put-ons. "The Ballad" is the longest cut on the album, and the richest in religious allusion: Judas Priest as tempter, the whore house ("that's not a house it's a home") called Eternity ("though you might call it Paradise,") Frankie Lee dying of thirst in the moral desert, and the little neighbor boy who carried him to rest, walking along "with his guilt so well concealed." There is a frightening delight in meaninglessness: drawled words (inviting avid listeners to turn one speaker all the way down and the other to full volume, playing the same line over and over to hear every syllable and decide whether the footstool is above the "cloudy" or "plotted" plain, or whether for 16 nights and days he "laid" or "made" or "raved"), irrelevant details and non-sequiturs. The essence of the song, if there is one, seems to be in the neighbor boys muttering: "Nothing is revealed." But these words are buried in the heavy and irrelevant moralizing of:

. . . one should never be where one does not belong.
So when you see your neighbor carrying something,
And don't go mistaking paradise
For that home across the road.*

The important thing about this kind of put-on—and the main way in which this album is so different from Dylan's earlier work—is the quality of the distance it keeps. Dylan, even after the long-awaited pseudo-revelation of *Don't Look Back,* is no more familiar than he was three years ago. But his style is more dramatic now, in the sense that he seems to have more control of his imagination: his personality—hidden before behind a come-on of mysterious masks—is no longer the tangible center of his work, but is at once within and beyond it.

The final brilliance of the album is in the slow rock-irony of "I'll be Your Baby Tonight." The song is one last flung comment on the possibilities of doing your own thing. It poses a safe, romantic retreat against the world 'out there' in heavy, sleepy imperatives ("Close your eyes, close the door. . . . Shut the light, shut the shade.") The strung-out slurring of "that mocking bird's gonna sail awaaaay," the nursery-rhyme quality of *moon/spoon*, the incredible "Bring that bottle over here," and the picture of love as a simple pastoral escape from worry and fear (especially coming as it does right after the tight, cool, bluesy celebration of love in "Down Along the Cove"—the only other love-themed song in the album) laugh at easy solutions. So does the album cover, a surreal parable about three broken kings searching for the key to Bob Dylan's new album—which turns out to be neither faith nor froth but Frank, who opens it up by taking them just far enough so they can say they've been there. He gooses himself all over the room instead of simply telling them he is a moderate man: annunciation, like everything else, depends on the way you feel that you live.

WILD SCENE

THE SCREEN

The oddball movies continue to pour in; and whether or not they are your dish of tea, these notes about some of the current items may prove useful. If the makers of "Wild in the Streets" had decided what they wanted to do with it besides make money, they might have come up with something good. But "Wild," a sort of political-science-fiction film about youth taking over the country, keeps jumping from tasteless humor about irresponsible, rich hippies, to serious irony about irresponsible adults whose behavior is hypocritical; from some amusing rock-and-roll numbers well sung by the picture's leading character, a pop singer effectively played by Christopher Jones who becomes president at 24, to deadly serious themes, as when the young people, in complete control, pass laws retiring all elders over 30 and putting them in concentration camps at 35. In spite of its crude cheapness and exaggerations, "Wild in the Streets" does have some assets, like the good performances (under director Barry Shear) by young Christopher Jones, by Shelley Winters as his self-centered, grasping mother, and by Hal Holbrook as a scheming senator who hopes to use the idolized pop singer but is instead used by the young man. At times "Wild" may remind you of "Privilege," last year's frightening English movie about a singer and his teenage fans. You may find both of these films implausible, but in all the discussion of the generation gap and rebelling youth, oldsters cannot overlook the fact that more than half the population is under 25.

"The Detective" also has a great deal to say about today's adults and today's youth; but the whole lecture, concentrating mainly on the police department of a large city, is so steeped in melodrama that the viewer, in spite of the film's many realistic scenes, begins to feel that he's being put on. No doubt Abby Mann, who wrote the screenplay from Roderick Thorp's lengthy novel, felt he had to be faithful to the book; but he didn't have to include *everything*. The final effect, as it was with "Madigan," another big-city police department picture, is that of a series of TV shows run together. One big difference between "The Detective" and any TV program, however, is in the dialogue in the movie which calls a spade a spade—and to hell with vulgarity. The subject matter is franker too than what is usually handled on TV. And the police in this big city (which is probably New York City but also shows some California locales) find murder, homosexuality, corruption in high places as well as in the department and various brutalities in their books. As if this were not enough, Frank Sinatra, in the lead role as *the* detective, is saddled with a nymphomaniac wife (Lee

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Remick). The cast is good under director Gordon Douglas who probably did the best he could with the script that gets involved in some confusing flashbacks. But "The Detective" is mainly for movie goers who want something more candid, more realistic and more melodramatic than what they get on TV.

No doubt since the English film, "The Long Day's Dying," is anti-war, we should be pro-"Long Day." But, this well-meaning picture is so arty and tries so obviously to be realistic that it becomes tiresome even before it is half over and has exposed all its blood and gore and death scenes and repetitious statements that war really is hell. Its plot concerns three young British paratroopers (well played by David Hemmings, Tom Bell, Tony Beckley) and their German prisoner (Alan Dobie), all of whom die before the finale when Hemmings screams, "But I am a pacifist." Since the screenplay is by Charles Wood, who wrote Richard Lester's last movie, "How I Won the War," it is not surprising that the writing is often confusing. The four main characters are well established, but along with the dialogue, they also recite interior monologues to reveal what they are really thinking; and the result, although effectively ironical, is not always clear. Some of the lack of clarity is due to the accents used by the actors. It's too bad that this film doesn't come through well. We want to be for it. Its heart is in the right place, but its movie-making isn't.

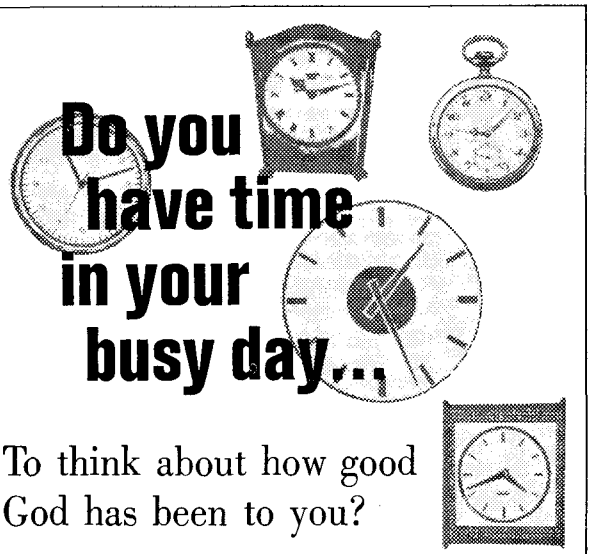
PHILIP T. HARTUNG

WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR

MUSIC

The New York Philharmonic's 125th anniversary season ended late last month with a concert that promised just the kind of excitement that had been lacking in most of the others. Leonard Bernstein must take credit for both the season-long tedium and the excitement. It was he, as music director, who decided to commemorate this anniversary by having every concert feature at least one work that the Philharmonic had given either its world or United States premiere. As a result, the season was a batch of terribly mismatched programs—Mahler with Ives, Berg with Dvořák, Haydn with Takemitsu—and eight new world premieres, dutifully commissioned for the occasion, must have done little to set things right. The only one of the new works I heard, Howard Hanson's latest symphony, convinced me that there is no merit, as such, merely to giving premieres. I cannot imagine it done again until the Philharmonic's 250th anniversary, and then only in a similar commemoration.

That final program, which Bernstein conducted, was a



To think about how good God has been to you?

To think of others less fortunate?

To think of the sick overseas?

To think of how you might help them, like the little boy you see here?

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bit of a mismatch, too: Roy Harris's Third Symphony (a truly American work, all energy and the best of intentions, if not results) and Act I of Wagner's *Die Walküre*, with James King, Eileen Farrell, and Michael Langdon as soloists. It was promising, though, because it focused attention, as if it were a spotlight, on Bernstein—Bernstein, most famous of American musicians, whose next season as music director will be his last. Here, in one program, were contemporary music, which he does best, and a bit of opera, that new world he's said to be conquering. Has he really improved so much since his frenetic *Falstaff* at the Met four years ago?

Well, he has—but not enough. The Harris seemed less taut and persuasive than before (Wagner may have hogged rehearsal time) but I really cannot say for sure since I heard it from Row *A*, smack up against the cellos, whom I do not hesitate to call "overwhelming." I am certain that the Wagner, heard from much further back, received a firm, propulsive reading most of the time. For one not exactly used to roaming the craggy, storm-swept terrain of *Walküre*, Bernstein got around like a native. He could make Wagner's smallest effect—like those grunts for my friends, the cellos, when Siegmund tugs at the great sword embedded in the tree—yet keep the music surging gloriously ahead.

Ah, but he was still Lenny! What he lacked in discipline, he made up in excess. He just had to stop and fondle and *hug* those pretty phrases in the love duet. When he indulges his ardor this way, he is not Mr. Bernstein's Lenny but Mr. Steinbeck's, in *Of Mice and Men*, who killed the things he loved with ham-handed caressing. The finale was another extreme, patented Bernstein confusion: frenzy confused with *vivace*, mere impulse confused with musical impulse, and the orchestra, caught up in a *sauve qui peut*, simply confused (violins were a bit of a beat off). These distortions were made flesh in Bernstein's infamous podium antics. He bounced, parried, thrust, and finally succeeded in splintering his baton against the desk. As the matinee audience swayed and whispered in awe at this feat, the Hall came throbbing to life like a motor: *He broke a baton broke a baton aton atonatonatonatonaton*. Thank *God*, he had another! And, for all I know, another. The one advantage to his being down in an opera pit is our being spared such spectacles.

These needless antics are catching. James King, as Siegmund, kept "acting" his part up there—leaping to his feet at his entrance music, staring wildly about, swaying, jabbing, extending his arms wide. Such behavior at a concert is mere acting up, not acting. (When Michael Langdon, a rather wobbly Hunding, threatened Siegmund with death at dawn's first light, King was seated, his legs crossed, sucking a lozenge.) He sang well, using his small but bright voice quite expressively, but *pouncing* on a syllable every so often is a mannerism he didn't have when he recorded *Walküre* with Georg Solti.

Eileen Farrell, as Sieglinde, was a counterweight of solid placidity. She just stood there, flipping through her score (which never left her hands) and singing magnificently. She indulged in some of that vile phrasing, as King had. Occasionally, I felt that she just might be taking someone's word for what all this meant. That voice—broad, warm, seamless, indomitable—was hers, alone. How thrilling to hear it again, now that her career seems to have lapsed into an indecisive retirement. I do hope she ferries in from Staten Island again soon, with any score she chooses.

Bernstein's frenetics are having an effect on the Philharmonic, too, though not as much as its decision—I have no idea how it was arrived at—that less than great conducting doesn't deserve great playing. (The Philadelphia Orchestra is the awesomely efficient tonal machine it is today because its men do their utmost, even for Ormandy.) I can bear the thought of Bernstein's departure because, as this concert showed, he is still not the kind of disciplined, yet sensitive, conductor the Philharmonic deserves and now needs. Next season's exciting line-up of guest conductors is really a set of auditions by some of the best men in Europe, where the best men have been working since the war. In weighing this talent, the board of directors should refer, for the last time, to the orchestra's record of premieres. They'll find that Toscanini fell down dreadfully here, yet under him the Philharmonic hit its peak as an ensemble. That, I would say, is the only achievement worth celebrating.

HARRIS GREEN

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

PHILIP LEGLER

APPLE COUNTRY

From our front yard,
Watching the rainstorm coming, moving east in a line
Over the Blue Ridge darkening, showering down
Like sleet upon

The hillside toward
Our valley clouding up like breath on a window pane,
The air now cooler, heavy this afternoon
As fog along

An old dirt road
Or mountain Winesaps hanging, ready to store in a bin,
The leaves on the tulip poplar shaken and blown—
We breathe it all in

While a mocking bird
Lost in the white catalpa plays out his fluttering song
As if he'd lose such voices not his own
The summer long.

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BOOKS

Military conscription: a look at the American way

The Draft

EDIT. SOL TAX

U. of Chicago Press, $12.95

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

Of course this is a very good book. First, you call a conference on an urgent subject, military conscription; then, with the help of the University of Chicago and the Ford Foundation, you bring together some lively and influential minds (partial billing: Kenneth Boulding, Erik Erikson, Milton Friedman, Edward Kennedy, Margaret Mead); finally, you put the results into editorial order, and you have a likely formula for a very good book. More the pity that the facts and recommendations of the conference (held in Chicago, December 4—7, 1966) were almost totally ignored by the Congress last year which approved a regressive draft law, new only in its nuances of repression. The bill emerging from L. Mendel Rivers' Armed Services Committee and approved by the Congress was informed by the twisted patriotism of F. Edward Hebert's (Dem., La.) polemic: "Let's forget about the First Amendment. I know that will be the refuge of the Supreme Court, I recognize that. But at least the effort can be made and the demonstration given the American people certainly that the Department of Justice and most assuredly the Congress is determined to eliminate this rat-infested area ['draft evasion'] in this country."

To President Johnson's rare credit, the action of the Congress did not reflect his recommendations. His recommendations largely reflected those of a commission he appointed to study the draft system, and the commission, in turn, was indebted to the Chicago conference, which this book is all about. So much for the historical placement of *The Draft*. In view of these relationships of study to presidential recommendations to congressional action, it might seem that the book at hand is now only of academic interest, another reason for regret about what might have been. But, in the hope (perhaps vain) that the country will soon awaken and attempt to halt the drift toward repression, military conscription is not a closed topic. Among those who press for reform or abolishment of conscription, *The Draft* is an invaluable source book of fact and argument.

"A Handbook" is a misnomer, suggesting a young man's guide to finding his way through the labyrinth of Selective Service regulations toward the goal of staying alive and out of jail without succumbing to the demand to become a war criminal in Vietnam. There are such guides available, but *The Draft* is not among them. While America's war in Vietnam gives painful urgency to the discussion, the book focuses on the problem of military procurement as such. Here are militarists (Lewis B. Hershey, S.L.A. Marshall) advocating the most efficient methods to feed men into the Pentagon's purposes, students of democratic thought (John Pemberton, Kenneth Boulding) insisting that military efficiency be held in tension with political values, and sociologists and historians (Walter Y. Oi, Morris Janowitz) suggesting that a better understanding of the past and of other nations' procurement practices can prevent our being boxed in by the limited precedents of the American experience.

It comes as no surprise that General Hershey likes the present S.S. system. His approval of the system is consistent with his frankly stated premise: " 'Personal' interest comes after 'national' interest." Here is the logic of the conscription society: "A local board does not put a registrant in service. He is potentially there by law. The board can merely delay the beginning of the service through the instrumentality of deferment." The General makes no apology for the much-criticized notion that the S.S.S. is designed to "channel" the lives of young Americans. Indeed, according to Hershey, the second purpose of S.S. is "to guide deferments into areas considered to be in the national interest by competent authority." The first purpose, of course, is to provide men for the armed forces.

Other papers of the conference urge more fair methods of selection within the present draft system, and of course Senator Edward Kennedy's advocacy of a lottery system gets much discussion in this connection. Yet others (notably Margaret Mead) present the case for a National Service System involving also the drafting of women. Colonel Mordechai M. Bar-On of Israel reports on how the system works in his country, but acknowledges that the American situation is radically different from Israel's. Universal national service systems of various sorts had supporters at the conference: systems in which military service would be optional, systems in which it would be excluded altogether. In my opinion, the most persuasive arguments are those offered for an all-volunteer or professional military quite apart from any compulsory system of national service. But this raises two common arguments, which it might be worth looking into.

Military opponents of a professional army, including Secretary McNamara, have suggested that a volunteer force would raise the military budget from ten to twenty billion dollars. Professor Walter Y. Oi of the University of Washington, however, was hired by the Defense Department to research precisely this question, and he arrives at the figure of four billion. Professor Oi also notes, "The defense budget for active-duty military personnel is obviously lower with a draft. However, the conscription of military personnel simply substitutes implicit taxes levied on those men who serve for explicit taxes on all citizens to finance the higher payroll of an all-

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volunteer force. . . . The real opportunity cost of acquiring military personnel must include the full economic cost of the draft." In other words, a conscripted soldier who is paid a total of $55 per week is making about half of what he would in civilian life and is, therefore, paying a tax in kind, if not in money, which is part of the "real cost of acquiring military personnel." The practice of requiring taxes in kind is a rather primitive one that supposedly disappeared with feudalism.

As *The Draft* also makes clear, there are military reasons which favor a professional army. Particularly, it would be unnecessary for the military to devote such inordinate resources to the perpetual training of new draftees. And, of course, a volunteer army would not be as flexible in size, thus preventing the executive branch of government from engaging lightly in new military ventures demanding large and speedy increases in the number of soldiers available. Naturally, for the foreign policy globalists, this last consideration is a distinct disadvantage of the volunteer army. Almost all participants in the Chicago conference agreed that, with a volunteer army, conscription would remain a last resort in times of all-out national mobilization.

But would not a professional army violate the democratic notion of citizen mobilization for defense? Would it not drive a wedge between the army and civilian society? Milton Friedman of Chicago answers by noting that Prussia, which is presumably the archetype of the militarist society, had a conscription army. He continues that the French Republic had a conscripted army, that Napoleon rose to power at the head of a conscripted army. Franco leads a conscripted army, as does the military junta now in control of Argentina. The point is, says Friedman, that "the record of history suggests that whether you have a conscripted enlisted force or whether you have a volunteer enlisted force is largely irrelevant to the question of the political danger offered by an armed force." Friedman insists, I think persuasively, that it is the officer corps, which at least at its highest level is composed of careerists, that determines what attitude the military will take toward civilian political control. The common argument is that the draft has a civilianizing (civilizing?) effect upon the military. It seems a better case can be made for the contention that the draft has a militarizing effect upon civilian society.

Perhaps the most piercing analysis in the volume is offered by Professor Kenneth Boulding of the University of Colorado. He suggests that current debate about conscription is raising the elementary question about the "legitimacy of the national state." Reversing John Kennedy's admonition, many young people are beginning to understand the legitimacy of their asking, "What can the country do for me?" All of which returns us to General Hershey's proposition that personal interest must be subservient to national interest. Nowhere is the irony so obvious as it is in the draft debate that radicals and conservatives are united in demanding that government be the servant, rather than the master, of the country's citizens. Where Richard Nixon, who supports a volunteer army, fits into this picture suggests another category.

The sheer bulk of information collected here makes *The Draft* an indispensable resource for enthusiasts of the garrison state and agitators of the New Left alike. Hopefully, the facts, analysis and recommendations of the Chicago conference will yet bear fruit in developing a system of military procurement appropriate to a society that aspires to democracy.

Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts

DONALD BARTHELME

Farrar, Straus, $4.95

MARTIN TUCKER

If you think the world is insane, try a little logic on it. It will make as much sense as anything else, and it may have meaning. Also, in a world where the main value lies in dollars and cents, make your payment in nonsense—that will carry the greatest credit of all for the kind of reader Donald Barthelme likes. And the kind of reader likely to like Donald Barthelme.

It is hard not to like Barthelme. Whatever else his stories convey, they convey ideas by association. For example, in "The Indian Uprising," a city is under attack by Comanches. The heroine plays Gabriel Faure's music during an interlude (I do not remember if it is a Faure interlude played during the interlude, but it would make sense in a Barthelme story). She plays it with four hands, a feat she manages by accelerating and "ignoring the time signature." The entire story ignores the "time signature"—whatever that means—by blithely and slyly combining and dividing time into many of the times that have been spent in atrocities. Images of World War II in Paris float across the page, as well as current references to brutality in the ghettos and killing of women and children in Vietnam. The Seventh Cavalry (playing Gabrieli, Albinoni, Marcello, Vivaldi, and Boccherini) also has its small-scale fighting note, as well as the I.R.A., the Zouaves, and the yellow dusty Comanches. Well, it all means something. The heroine, when asked during the fighting (all of it taking place outside her window, but somehow outside her view), if she thinks this is a good life, replies, beautifully, profoundly and explicitly, "No."

Another character finds her rock of sanity in an obsession with words that have beautiful sounds and great nonmeaning. For her, the only form of discourse worth hearing is a litany. She objects to the growing habit in young people of making unpleasant combinations of words "as they sense the nature of our society." The hard, brown, nutlike word is heady enough stuff for her. It is folly to say what this story means, for it means many things by association. Barthelme is exposing the silky self-deceptions by which we laugh away our helplessness.

Barthelme's dislike of hypercritical analysis—but not critical judgment—is shown in his second story, "The Balloon," a tale of an inflated balloon that covers 45 blocks of Manhattan near

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Central Park. It just sits there in the sky. What does it mean? Barthelme says: "It was agreed that since the meaning of the balloon could never be known absolutely, extended discussion was pointless, or at least less purposeful than the activities of those who, for example, hung green and blue paper lanterns from the warm gray underside, in certain streets, or seized the occasion to write messages on the surface, announcing their availability for the performance of unnatural acts, or the availability of acquaintances." In a later paragraph Barthelme says the balloon will become a "rough draft" for anything a rationalizer wants to make of it. Really, in an inflated sense, all it is is the narrator's heart swelling to enormous size in the loneliness he feels for a lover who has gone away on a trip.

All right, then, Barthelme is twitting the reader, making fun of the self-importance selves attach to their brain cells. One more example may give a flicker of the author's light touch. In "Edward and Pia," the hero and heroine are walking through a Swedish city when Pia tells of a childhood accident in which her bicycle was knocked down at a street corner during a snowstorm. As they pass the street, Edward glances at the "famous intersection" and sees no marker, nothing to indicate the fact of Pia's fall from cyclic grace. It is a small detail, but the kind that shocks the reader onto deeper levels. Is it wrong to think that Barthelme is making a comment about our irrational sense of purposes and cross-purposes? Not wrong, but we had better be cautious of our inflationary rationalism.

With the exception of two stories ("Alice" and to a lesser extent, "A Few Moments of Sleeping and Waking") the book runs at high speed, with a dazzling display of verbal ingenuity and ingenious combinations of details. This second collection is wilder in scope and at the same time more controlled in its technique than Barthelme's initial volume, *Come Back, Dr. Caligari.* He is a writer for whom nonsense has become a serious matter and whose craft continues to surprise the reader.

RECENT AND NOTABLE: CHURCH HISTORY

The Conservative Reformers. By Philip Gleason. University of Notre Dame. $8.95. The Central-Verein, undoubtedly *the* major German-American Catholic organization during the late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century, has long been an historical puzzle. It combined vigorous social reform with an aggressively conservative Catholicism, often bewildering both its friends and foes. Philip Gleason, an associate professor of history at Notre Dame, has attempted to explain its anomalies. The result is an important study not only of the Central-Verein, but of the assimilation of German Catholic immigrants into American life.

Liberal Protestantism. Edited by Bernard M.G. Reardon. Stanford University Press. $6.75. Depending upon one's ideological leanings, the liberal Protestant theologians of the nineteenth-century were either a prophetic vanguard or a disaster; hardly anyone seems to grant them a more balanced verdict. This book will be helpful in that latter direction. Comprising an excellent introduction to the historical background and significance of the movement, as well as extracts from the works of leading figures, Prof. Reardon's book provides an excellent general orientation to the subject.

American Catholic Thought on Social Questions. Edited by Aaron I. Abell. Bobbs-Merrill. $8.50. The late Aaron I. Abell of Notre Dame was a distinguished historian of Catholic social movements. In this, his last book, he collected a wide range of documents and articles illustrating the scope and development of Catholic thought on social questions, all the way from Archbishop John Hughes to John Courtney Murray. The selections are superb, and the book is a worthy addition to the Bobbs-Merrill American Heritage Series.

The Righteousness of the Kingdom. By Walter Rauschenbusch. Edited by Max L. Stackhouse. Abingdon, $5.95. In an odd quirk of fate, one of Walter Rauschenbusch's early and central books was never published during his lifetime. Now, some 50 years after his death, it is appearing, ably introduced and edited by Max L. Stackhouse. Rauschenbusch has often been called the father of the social gospel. This book makes clear how appropriate that title is. But it also does more: it makes clear that Rauschenbusch remains an exciting and timely theologian. His Christianity was a revolutionary Christianity; it has taken the rest of us a long time to get back to where he started.

The Anglican Eucharist in Ecumenical Perspective. By Edward P. Echlin, S.J. Seabury. $7.50. Father Echlin, a theologian at John Carroll University, has mined a rich assortment of primary sources in preparing this book. With care and persuasiveness he concludes that the history of the Anglican Eucharist shows that "Anglican doctrine has tended to converge with that of the Roman Catholic Church," and that on this central doctrine there remain no significant obstacles to reconciliation. Father Echlin's book demonstrates, once again, the importance of historical study for the ecumenical movement.

Harnack and Troeltsch. By Wilhelm Pauck. Oxford. $4.50. It is almost impossible to understand contemporary theology without a knowledge of the historical role of Adolf von Harnack and Ernst Troeltsch. Professor Pauck has here provided two short, but illuminating, essays on the meaning and impact of their work. His book is a good primer for those who want an introduction to these thinkers, but well worth reading by those already familiar with them.

A History of Protestantism Vol. I. By Emile G. Leonard. Edited by H. H. Rowley, Bobbs-Merrill. $12.50. Emile G. Leonard's history of Protestantism has long enjoyed an outstanding reputation in France. The subject is of course enormous in its scope and complexity; not every historian would care to take it on. But Leonard did so and now, by dint of Prof. Rowley's work in editing the French version and Joyce M. H. Reid's translation, the work should find a wider audience.

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Confronting Injustice: The Edmond Cahn Reader

EDIT. LENORE CAHN

Little, Brown, $8.95

JEROME A. BARRON

With the single exception of Morris Raphael Cohen, the late Edmond Cahn stands out as having made the most successful synthesis in recent memory of the Jewish and the American constitutional tradition. Law, as the revealed word of God, is, I suppose, the root idea of the religious cosmology of the Jews. It is interesting to see in this collection of essays and speeches on religion, constitutional law, and legal philosophy how completely Edmond Cahn operated within a certain aspect of that tradition. One of the most charming practices of the now vanished world of Eastern European Jewry was the custom of smearing a page of the Law with honey. The page was then given to a child to taste. The idea was to symbolize the hope that the words of the Law would always be sweet to him. The words of the law were not always sweet to Edmond Cahn but if they were not, he tried to change them to make them so.

One of the most illuminating and characteristic pieces in this book is called "The Binding of Isaac." Here Cahn tells how, from boyhood, the story of Abraham ready to sacrifice his only son struck him as cruel and unacceptable. He rejects the traditional explanation, *i.e.*, God is testing Abraham's faith or exhibiting his magnaminity. He suggests that the story is alien to the personality of Abraham and absurd when seen against the idea of a just God. He suggests that the story was made up out of whole cloth by Isaac in his old age. He pictures an Isaac anxious to impress his unruly sons, Jacob and Esau, by an example of the submissiveness he, Isaac, displayed when his father told him he was to be slain. For Cahn, Isaac exemplifies the submissive personalitity, the personality that accepts the view that the law may be unjust, even cruel. For such a personality, the callousness of his own resignation is mitigated by an occasional willingness to have the severity of the law lightened by specific acts of grace. An illustration is Isaac's fancy that at the last moment God refused to accept Abraham's sacrifice of his son. To Cahn such resignation is brutal and such grace is corrosive. He writes critically of the submissive personality: "He oscillates between a law without compassion and a compassion without law."

It is not surprising that for Cahn the noblest feature in the Jewish tradition was forever characterized when Abraham argued to save the Sodomites. Cahn writes that the question is not whether God exists but whether man does. Man must find something to do and say which will be worth catching God's attention. Cahn translated this religious philosophy into a theory of law which put the lawyer and particularly the judge in a central role. In an essay on Justice Frankfurter, after praising his splendid intellect and his seductive prose, Cahn throws out a courteous and reproving challenge. "Fundamental freedoms are still in jeopardy" he writes, and he only wishes "Frankfurter would put more trust in his own deliberate judgment." Frankfurter is of course the hero of those who see the judge as one who must abstain from power because power belongs to others. The counter-argument is that society cannot waste its discerning men. They are too precious a resource.

The idea that compassion is too important to have its primary expression occur outside the law has a corollary in Cahn's constitutional thought. He speaks in praise of the "parchment barrier." By this phrase, he means that series of secular "Thou shalt nots. . . ." known as the Bill of Rights. Cahn repudiates the view of Judges Learned Hand and Felix Frankfurter that judges are completely powerless to hold back a nation bent on mischief. For Cahn the whole point of a Bill of Rights is that what the nation sober forbids itself will be heeded by the nation drunk.

Also, he says it is not only the people who need a Bill of Rights but the judges. Here he returns essentially to his point that morality must be expressed in law rather than unreliably redeemed by simply relaxing the law on occasion. Cahn concedes judges cannot restrain a callous majority by themselves. But the ability to have recourse to a written constitution gives them the necessary tools. These tools in turn produce the moral courage to quarrel with the majority. As to the argument that natural law considerations might suffice as well to do that, Cahn believes that the natural law, for all the bravery of its lexicon, is rather too loose and unconfined to be of much use. What is necessary is that one of the grand conceptions be siphoned off and caught within the corners of a specific document.

Reference to the written constitution helps the judge to know that his actions when they are unpopular are not merely a case of choosing his predilections against those of the majority. The authority of the document gives him strength, and its words, however broad, leave him less at large than he would be without them. By example, Cahn points to the disappointing performance of Italian and German judges with regard to their acceptance of Fascist and Nazi statutes. Particularly in Italy the neutral law tradition was strong but he suggests its generality and imprecision made it unless as a tool against the "unjust" law. One may quarrel with these examples and say that the superior usefulness of a written Bill of Rights in a written constitution cannot be proved by such examples, for our country has as yet happily been spared the spectacle of witnessing its law-making machinery turned over to a Hitler or a Mussolini. Furthermore, in Europe the idea of the judge as culture hero is unknown.

But still one wonders about such explanations. If continental legal tradition had accommodated itself to judicial review, perhaps Europeans would have produced men of law who would have meant to them what Holmes and Brandeis have come to mean to us. The usefulness of written constitutional safeguards for liberty is one of the basic ideas in Edmond Cahn's writings. He rejected the idea that stating freedoms in a written constitution was irrelevant as a determining factor in the quality of a people's liberty. He pointed to South Africa as an example of a country where a written Bill of Rights might have given judges the legal authority to contest the rise of

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apartheid. As it was, the courts lacking a tradition of judicial review and dominated by British notions of Parliamentary sovereignty were helpless to stop the rise of racist legislation.

What Cahn did was to look at the Constitution with something of the fervor that the prophets had viewed the Decalogue. The strands of two traditions unite in Edmond Cahn's work. The medieval Spanish Jewish poet Solomon ibn Gabirol concludes one of his most famous poems: "Almighty, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" By his life and his work Edmond Cahn tried to answer this question.

The Harvester's Vase
NED O'GORMAN
Harcourt, Brace, $4.50

Figures In The Door
ARTHUR GREGOR
Doubleday, $4.50

After Experience
W. D. SNODGRASS
Harper & Row, $4.95

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

One pleasant aspect common to the three books of this clutch of poets is that that reader newly-arrived from Mars would be baulked of a generalization about this year's American poetry. In the past year or so, this has become happily truer, though there is still a way to go to total escape from the compulsions of the chic.

Most poets acknowledge a major and a minor mode within their own scale; poems of the first or second intensity in their own ambition. Ned O'Gorman doesn't. A virtue or a vice, according to the reader's temperament, that fact accounts for the authentic bite of his poetry, and for its occasional misfires. In *A Conversation between Willa Muir, Rudolph Nureyev and Ned O'Gorman about Excess,* Ned *says, We are grafted to excess./ Beat alphabet get a vine./ Beat vine get a lion.* These lines express, fairly, the essence of his work. Blake, whom O'Gorman often resembles, felt much the same. Steps are whittled to toeholds; toehold gives way to trapeze. The result is exhilarating—and exhilaration, together with the sense of hilarity, is probably the quality most frequently remote from current poetry of decent caliber.

The Donkey, to take one of the really dazzling successes, arrives whole: no build-up, no exposition; a level of intensity suddenly presents an accurate, significant, luminous object. All of these poems are religious; few of their subjects are. The religious sensibility runs in the poetry like blood or sap or electricity—inside. (See *Hands, The Eden Of The Vegetables, The Body.*) No poem speaks in the general or abstract term. Objects, bodies, are high-voltage with significance. Ideas, beliefs, responses present themselves always in immediate physical aspects. Dark: *I am the night and wait to/ contain the fortress in my/ brow as a toad clasps/ the emerald in his swamp-weed stare.* Sun: *When the sun/ had soared to her flaxen perch and fell/ into the pool's cast net, a ripe crack/ of yellow feathers tapped the power from/ my eyes.* The heat of the poems is often the burn of ice; but that is not because they lack emotional commitment. What the poem provides (or it will provide nothing) is the generative energy, the extra revelation, the "plenitude," to use Mr. O'Gorman's word, which will release the individual response. Let the reader carry away emotional satisfaction for his own necessities. *I,* says Mr. O'Gorman, *eat the savory meal of over and above.*

It is doubtful if there are very many better things that can be said of a man's poems than that they show signs of built-in freshness. Mr. Gregor's book has a number of poems which sustain returns and are there waiting for more. One uses the word "affirmative" with the caution it deserves. This work is affirmative; not, as is so common, because a poet has gotten over unpalatable truths by a sort of willful leap with tight-closed eyes, but because he has received a genuine communication . . . *the invisible suggested by/ the visible to stir what is human in me.* This, together with a sure sense of the detail that is in itself a whole code, gives the book its magnetic quality. There are small but destructive technical problems; lines in which the poet swarms through to his intent in a shower of fragments. No line before, or after, can justify . . . *of that which is so close to all it is* . . . The titles are mostly bad choices, not good in themselves, and, worse, capsule indicators for the reader: *September Song, Awakening Mystery, The Non-Heroes, Autumn Mood* . . . And in a number of poems, an appropriate image is used despite its weary connotations.

The fact remains that the book *is* magnetic; and one of the chief reasons is that there are few things more exciting than the reader's realization that a sharp emotional response has been achieved by a poetic accuracy and a perceptive force so quiet that a climax has been produced while, so to speak, one wasn't looking. It is a lovely quality, and it is a contemporary rarity. *Wandlung* has it, and *First Snow, Brooklyn Harbor,* and *Sa Riera,* and —most beautifully—*Gentle Lamb.* We are never kidnapped into cloud-cuckoo land en route to . . . *fire in the ultimate regions of cold/ arrival in the act of departing, indivisible total in each divided vanishing footfall.* Commentators on Mr. Gregor's poetry have remarked in it an affinity with that of Rilke. It is not a derivation, but a cousinship; there is the same echo in the inner ear, and somewhere in a less defined area.

What doubles the interest of W.D. Snodgrass' interesting poetry is that it shows us a sort of quintessence of a predicament now overwhelming most of America's reasonably perceptive writers. The credibility gap has reached its final location: between a man and himself. A strikingly germane writer in fiction, John Cheever, has been able to brand on the reader's consciousness the sobering recognition that the gods were fake, and that their debilitating service has endured so thoroughly that the server's ability to serve any others is gone the way of his faith in those he served. But between prose and poetry, there takes place a sea change into something more poor and familiar. Part of the

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problem is that prose can sustain, uninjured, more diagnosis and less passion, than can poetry; part, that Mr. Cheever never settles for the wry self-pity that is the booby-trap of the perceptive and unhopeful poet.

Mr. Snodgrass' book is a very good book, his best to date. These poems are lucid, original, controlled, even formal; compact of irony, intelligence and the true gift for metaphor. In the book's third poem, *Reconstructions,* the psychological position, never to be shaken, is defined. After a sharp and touching series of incidents illustrating damage to a relationship with a child: *We are like patients who rehearse/ Old unbearable scenes/ Day after day after day./ I memorize you, bit by bit,/ and must restate you in my verses/ To sell to magazines.* A line might read as the book's epigraph: *We take things as they are.*

But it would be a tricky conclusion. This is no make-the-best-of-a-bad-job stoicism; it is, on the contrary, the ironic expression of the poet's sense of the intolerable, which will yet be tolerated. Moving all the way up to its most acute expression, *A Visitation,* a poem about the-Eichmann-in-us-all, Mr. Snodgrass patiently and brilliantly repeats, "you poor slob, pull up your socks and get on, without kidding yourself. . . "; get on, that is, with a wry, sincere self-pity which includes others in one's own lot. It isn't whine self-pity. It is deepened and universalized, and its witchbroth of disenchantment simmers over a continually renewed heat of resentment against the actual composition of the human mind and heart. The picture of men and women, now, here, is so eye-to-eye with John Cheever as to be striking; yet, in distinction from Mr. Cheever's astringent but steady-eyed stories, *After Experience* implies less a wrong route chosen, than a distastefully irremediable necessity. This deadens the resonance a bit; it limits the sense of vitality and the unpredictable.

Yet the best poems are so awfully good. *Lobster In The Window,* and *The Men's Room in the College Chapel* show what Mr. Snodgrass can do when he shakes loose from the "*mea culpa,* but, so?" syndrome. The lobster on ice raises its claw. *I should wave back,* I *guess. But* . . . If and when Mr. Snodgrass waves back, it should be quite a book.

All the translations are good; the Bonnefoy and Rilke translations are outstanding.

The Bourgeois

BERNARD GROETHUYSEN

Holt, Rinehart, $5.95

KENNETH REXROTH

Marx says somewhere, and I'd appreciate help in relocating the quotation, that his diagnosis of the ills of capitalism may have overproven the case for collapse. What keeps the system going? Why doesn't it break down immediately? What makes it morally endurable? The survival, says Marx, of more humane social relationships from the older cultures of the Middle Ages and Renaissance. "If you want to see capitalism in all its horror," says Marx, "go to California." Again, Maritain, answering the same objections to his diagnosis of fatal ill, says, "What has kept Western civilization going all these years?" and answers, "The prayers of the contemplatives in the monasteries."

These answers are not jokes. When a culture loses its interiority, when the tiny flame of contemplation in the heart of civilization goes out, chaos and death take over. The time may vary, remissions and relapses may make the chart irregular, but the prognosis is certain. Today we live in a corpse, a Dybbuk, a kind of violent mummy. Western civilization still rides to destruction, but like the dead body of El Cid, tied in his armor to his war horse.

In seventeenth- and eighteenth-century France there were theologians and spiritual advisors and preachers who could foresee the consequences of the secularization of all life, the reduction of all values to the cash nexus, and who fought a desperate rearguard battle against surrender to The World. They lost, at least as far as the official Church, what Simone Weil called the Great Beast, was concerned. It was not until the end of the nineteenth century that anything resembling a spiritual religion was restored to respectability. By and large, that occurred because of the manifest collapse of a secular value system, and its challenge by a new structure of attitudes and sensibility, a movement its opponents have always called "Neo-" Catholicism. Of course there was spiritual life, contemplatives and martyrs of prayer, all through the heyday of a sensate culture, but they were underground, whether they were saints now in the calendar or unbelieving poets and painters.

Mostly, when we study the eighteenth century, we concentrate on the founders of Enlightenment and the Age of Reason, and pay little attention to the battle in the Church itself, which led to the victory of a middle-class, secularized, formal religion, Catholic Capitalism, or Capitalist Catholicism. Bernard Groethuysen's book makes it clear how the bourgeois, who once chopped off the heads of aristocrats and priests and nuns, came to bow his own head to the priest at the Elevation of the Host.

That accommodation, so convenient to both sides, was prepared by two generations of controversy within the ranks of those who had been given the cure of souls. The spiritual life was left to the poor, the intellectuals, converts and other mentally unbalanced persons. It is not just that parish life, especially in the towns, became a minor activity of the business ethic. From Stendhal's *The Red and the Black* on, there is a host of novels giving testimony to the overwhelming of the seminaries by a kind of systematized lower middle-class greediness. They became simply grubby, ill shod, ill clothed, ill housed, ill fed, trade schools.

The Church had once been an anthropological religion, like that of primitive people, which penetrated all life and gave the rites of passage and the rites of the year and all the details of commonplace existence a transcendental meaning and justification. This was replaced by a rigid dogmatism of social order. As it says in the Anglican catechism, "My duty towards my neighbor . . . is to do

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my duty in that state of life unto which it will please God to call me." A new hierarchy of exploitation was substituted for the old hierarchy of reciprocal duties and responsibilities. The language of catechists and preachers is a parody of primitive Franciscanism, but it is the preaching of humility for the humble, and pride for the proud.

The great trouble with the Catholic form of the business ethic was its quest of stability at all costs. It lacked the inherent dynamism of the Protestant forms described so well by Tawney. The Huguenots forged ahead because of a kind of metaphysical instability of world view. The Catholic bourgeois was frozen in a rigid system of computer programming, a scholasticism emptied of the moral content that had once given it meaning.

Groethuysen quotes at some length a correspondence between Neckar and Rivarol, the substance of which is, "Only fear of the devil keeps our servants from murdering us." The obvious reverse of this coin is the Marquis de Sade, who simply called all the bluffs. At the top there was left only an Easter-bonnet, business-contact church-going, while the foundations in the poor slid away into ever more gross superstition. With the explosion of the revolutions of 1848 it became apparent to men of sensibility that this convenient system was both dangerous and degrading. The Catholic Revival that began with Romanticism fought it for a century, on all fronts, Newman, or Hello, or Maritain, Bloy, or Abbé Brémond, but it was a century before they were talking to anybody but themselves.

I have only one objection to Groethuysen's book. At the end he has a chapter which seems to say, reversing the Emperor Julian, "Thou hast conquered, oh pale commerçant!" He hasn't conquered, not yet, though he is still trying. But even if he had, what of it? Groethuysen catches himself in the old nineteenth-century contradiction founded on the assumption that history is value positive. Even Marx, the leading exponent of this heresy, never believed it emotionally, which is the reason for his prophetic Hebraic fire. So, finally in our time, the most telling answer to the Catholic version of the business ethic has been an eschatological or apocalyptic morality—"He who is near to Me is near to the Fire. He who is far from Me is far from the judgment." On the back of the dust jacket, Holt, Rinehart and Winston advertise their own answer to *The Bourgeois—Priest and Worker, the Autobiography of Henri Perrin*, a miraculous life of prayer, lived in the eye of apocalypse—that "failed."

Curling

ROBERT BOLES

Houghton Mifflin, $4.50

THOMAS C. MILLER

It's surprising and disappointing that Robert Boles's *Curling* doesn't work out, because on the face of it the idea for the novel is intriguing.

Chelsea Meredith Burlingame is a black man who not only has made it in the white world, but has almost never known the Negro world. He is no member of the black bourgeoisie; no, he is a black white man. The novel is a surrealistic remembrance of things past in the life of a man who is neither-nor: brought up in a rich white family, independently wealthy, socially adept, cultured, owner of a nice car, a Cape Cod house—all that—but haunted, baby, haunted. Because black.

Sound good? What happens to the black man who is really accepted? How does he react to whitey? What is it like beyond "I have a dream"? Beyond "black power"? Well, if Robert Boles' answer is any indication, it's dull. Chelsea Meredith Burlingame spends almost all his time picking over every little event in his fairly unexceptional life until . . . until the end of the novel. Oh yes, he makes love to a white girl, and he kills a guy who took his wallet. Nothing happens to him either time, however.

The story of Chelsea takes its theme, in part, from the symbolism of the title, *Curling*. He is peeling back the layers of his life like the little curls of wood that plane off of a stick being whittled away. But what is left after you

Summer Sessions

CHICAGO INSTITUTE ON JEWISH STUDIES

Barat College, Lake Forest, Ill. August 4-16. For Catholic professors of theology, scripture, history or sociology, with Master's Degree or in a graduate program. Aim: increased appreciation for Judaism and improved Jewish-Christian relation. *Inquire*: Catholic Adult Education Center, 1307 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60605.

GOD IN THE CITY OF MAN

Biblical Liturgical Institute, Canon City, Colorado. August 5-9. The relevance of God to urban man is discussed by Rosemary Ruether, Rev. Bernard Haring, C.SS.R., Martin Marty, Sister Joan Tabat, O.S.F., and Rev. Roland Murphy, O. Carm. *Inquire*: Rev. Director, Biblical Institute, Holy Cross Abbey, Canon City, Colo.

FOURTH CATECHETICAL STUDY SESSION

College of the Holy Names. August 11-17. Workshops include "Sacramental Theology" with Rev. Piet Fransen, S.J. and "Law of Christ" with Rev. Bernard Haring, C.SS.R. *Inquire*: Catechetical Study Session, College of the Holy Names, 3500 Mountain Blvd., Oakland, Calif. 94618.

THEOLOGY: SEARCH AND SERVICE

Woodstock College. August 4-9, "The Church: American Style." August 11-16, "The World: Teacher of the Church." *Inquire*: Theology: Search and Service, Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md. 21163.

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whittle down a stick? Wood shavings. The story of *Curling* is like a little pile of wood shavings, each splinter separated from its mate, signifying nothing special. In other words, this is a disjointed book leading nowhere.

There is also a game called curling, which is the other part of the symbolism of the title. Curling is a quiet sort of game where you slide "stones" of iron over the ice—like shuffleboard only more esoteric. Inches can determine the winner. To follow this book, it is necessary to concentrate on inches. Boles gives it away in one statement in the book: "and then came miniaturization." This is a novel about miniature events. It seems like the wrong decade for that!

Everything about *Curling* is a little out of style. The writing is out of style—Boles writes about childhood and the past, dangerous and difficult at best, but especially inappropriate when everything in the world is self-consciously concerned with the present and nibbling gently at the future. The society in *Curling* is out of style, too—the idle rich characters who people the novel don't talk about acid or rock or acid rock, but about jazz. Jazz! Chelsea himself thinks about themes from Villa-Lobos. Villa-Who? Paul Klee is *Curling's* artist-in-residence, so to speak. Sports cars are 'in." Boles doesn't say if every male in the book wears ivy-league shirts with buttons in the back.

Is there anything good about *Curling*? Yes. The idea remains a good idea. The writing—just the plain use of words—has flashes of power. Symbolic events, objects, and thoughts are as well integrated into the novel as possible under the circumstances. There are even some scenes that are handled very well: a dreamy party sequence full of phony people is especially effective. So is the erratic action of Chelsea—the pure plotting of it, I mean.

But the rest of it! A book of "promise," but no promises kept. Of dreary letters from Chelsea's step-relatives sprinkled through the book. Of tedious remembered conversations that keep popping up in Chelsea's thought. Of slightly pretentious citing of culture heroes gone by. Of distracting twists of plot and mysteries never explained. And above all, Chelsea's (and Boles') mania for detail: as Chelsea says, "I was aware of every step I took."

The sheer self-consciousness of it all is enough to make you scream. Too bad about *Curling*; Robert Boles had this great story about a black guy worrying about being white, and then blew it by making the black guy so uninteresting.

Language, Persons and Belief

DALLAS M. HIGH

Oxford, $4.75

ALVIN PLANTINGA

Ludwig Wittgenstein, certainly one of the moving spirits of twentieth-century philosophy, said much about language but little about religious belief. *Language, Persons and Belief* is an attempt to explain some of Wittgenstein's crucial insights into the nature of language, and to apply these insights specifically to the language of religious belief. Wittgenstein's central achievement and enduring emphasis, according to Mr. High, is a renewed recognition that human language is intimately connected with human beings, ". . . and the most important feature is that language is always connected with the user." "Language *qua* language is rooted in and received accreditation from the human order. It is not rooted in and accredited by some sterilized or virgin logical order higher than the one which human beings are responsible *for* as well as responsible *to*."

What, exactly, this means and how (if taken at face value) any reasonable person could deny it is not, perhaps, altogether clear; but apparently Mr. High believes that the views of language attacked by Wittgenstein arise out of "an illusory wish to escape the limits and conditions of human forms of speaking"—that is, they fail to recognize the intimate connection between language and its human users. An example is what Professor Gilbert Ryle of Oxford called the "Fido-Fido" theory of meaning. According to this theory, the meaning of a word is the object it names. So, for example "Fido" is the name of my dog; Fido (the dog) is the object "Fido" (the word) names; indeed, Fido is the *meaning* of "Fido." The "Fido-Fido" theory supposes that *every* meaningful word is really like *"Fido"* in being a name. But it is wrong on two counts. First, many meaningful words are clearly not names of anything at all—consider, for example, "unicorn," "hello," and "and." Secondly, those words that are names do not, in general, name their meanings; Fido is named by but not the meaning of "Fido" (if Fido died, "Fido" would not thereby become meaningless).

Mr. High and Wittgenstein, therefore, rightly reject this theory. But it is not, in fact, easy to find examples of serious philosophers who accept the view under attack. Mr. High cites Karl Barth in this connection but not, as far as I can see, anyone else; and in Barth's case the issue is not really very clear. Somewhat more serious, I think, is the fact that it is hard to see how the "Fido-Fido" theory reveals an attempt to deny the intimate connection of language with its users. If someone did accept that theory, I should think he'd be happy to acknowledge, e.g., that it is the users of language who determine what object shall be correlated, in this way, with a given word.

A second theory discussed by Mr. High is the dreaded "Verifiability Theory of Meaning," according to which the meaning of an assertion is the method of its verification. As Mr. High points out, those who promulgated and accepted this theory used it as a weapon against religious belief. Assertions like "God loves us," they said, are *cognitively meaningless*. They may have emotional significance of some sort or other, but they do not have literal meaning, as scientific and common sense assertions do.

Mr. High points out that the Verifiability Theory of Meaning, so construed, is a vast mistake. Here one wishes that Mr. High had made a somewhat closer point by point examination of the Verifiability Criterion and its history. One of the most interesting disclosures of

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such a study is that the Verificationists were never able to come up with what even they regarded as a reasonably satisfactory *statement* of the criterion. Every statement proffered turned out either to be so restrictive as to exclude many scientific assertions from the kingdom of the meaningful, or so liberal as to exclude no statement at all—not even the peculiarly opaque claim of the German philosopher Heidegger, who once declared (for reasons best known to himself) that "the not nothings itself." By now the attempt to state this criterion has been pretty largely given up, although many philosophers who would not (publicly, at any rate) express allegiance to it still employ it as a presupposition of their discourse about religious belief.

To return to Mr. High's main point: what does it mean to say that language —in particular now, the language of religious belief—is intimately connected with the human users of language? ". . . we must say that the expression '*p* is true' acts as an explicit personal accreditation—my personal backing or signature—which I give to *p*—i.e, that it is 'true' . . . 'True' is not a quality possessed by the asserted sentence itself as if it were self-supporting or as if it passively mirrored the primary object or objects in some impersonal and absolutely objective way." Rather, when I *say* that *p* is true, I am giving my backing or warrant to *p*.

It might be wondered what "giving my backing" to *p* consists in, if not in ascribing to *p* some property—presumably the property of being true—that *p* has or lacks regardless of my views on the subject and regardless of what I say about *p*. In any event Mr. High attacks from this position the fideistic tendency that characterizes much contemporary theology. This is "the tendency to regard religious belief (then described as 'faith') especially and religious uses of language generally as self-authenticating and autonomous. Often it is openly and paradoxically declared that for faith justification is impossible from without and unnecessary from within." Among those cited as displaying fideistic tendencies are Karl Barth, Rudolph Bultmann and Paul Tillich.

Just what is wrong with fideism?

> "The utterances 'I believe (in) *p*' and 'I believe that *p*' if uttered seriously and with performative force, do imply the reasonableness of *p* and my responsibility to give reasons or own up to them with evidence."
>
> Or, as he says in another place, "we do give 'reasons' in quite ordinary ways for the beliefs we 'own' and 'own up to' including religious (credal and doctrinal) beliefs. Moreover, performing an act of believing or holding a belief implies that we will not entertain such utterances, at least seriously, unless we are willing to 'back them up,' give reasons' 'justification' or 'grounds' if asked or pressed, or if we think about it."

The fideist is wrong, therefore, in supposing that he is under no obligation to give reasons for his belief in the central features of his creed. Presumably he must be prepared to give reasons, or evidence or argument for his belief in God (i.e, as trustworthy and an apt object of worship) and for his belief that there *is* such a being. Is Mr. High therefore suggesting a return to natural theology? I find him less than clear on this point. A reason for my believing in God, he says, might be of the following kind: "I was extremely ill last month, but now, thank God, I am completely well." The connection between my re-

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REVIEWERS

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS, pastor of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, is the editor of *Una Sancta*, an ecumenical journal of theology.

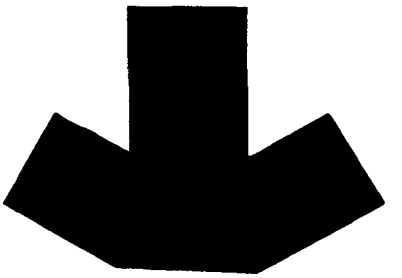
JEROME A. BARRON is an associate professor of law at George Washington University.

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN is the author of *Ionesco and Genet* (Hill and Wang).

KENNETH REXROTH's most recent book is *An Autobiographical Novel* (Doubleday).

THOMAS C. MILLER is a freelance writer living in New York.

ALVIN PLANTINGA, a professor of philosophy at Calvin College, is the author of *God and Other Minds* (Cornell U. Press).



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covery from illness and the existence of God is not very clear, to say the least; is the suggestion that we have here the materials for an argument for the exisence of God? Presumably not; but then it is certainly not easy to see what giving reasons, in Mr. High's view, comes to. A real contribution to this subject would require a much fuller and more detailed consideration.

Language, Persons and Belief, I think, contains a good deal too much by way of unexplained metaphor and unsupported assertion to be really useful to the trained philosopher. The layman, on the other hand, if he is not put off by the many distracting references to the contemporary literature (Mr. High's book began life as a Ph.D. thesis), may find much that is interesting and thought-provoking.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 395)

of the twentieth century; those in the power structure have heard *about* them. It does no good to call upon the witness of the Gospels to which these people obviously do not subscribe. Even the ordinary human concern for the good of others makes no impression, for those who are in a position to make the decisions that have been made have been trained to ignore human concerns in favor of some vague "thing" they call the rule. They do not even appreciate the fact that they are widening the credibility gap which is almost impassable at the present time.

The object of this letter is not to rehash the arguments presented by Sister Myra Stratton nor to quote at length from various documents to prove a case. The purpose is to give whatever support we can to the teachers who must suffer under such blatant miscarriage of justice and to praise Sister Myra for her courage—for she is in the most vulnerable position of all.

What is needed in the Catholic Church in America, I guess, is a Martin Luther King, or an Abraham Lincoln, to free the last of the slaves: the priests, brothers, sisters and lay people who are victims of the system.

RONALD J. WILKINS
Secretary, Commission on Education,
Chicago Conference of Laymen

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editors: To anyone who has succeeded in penetrating the wall of silence and secrecy behind which Catholic institutions have conducted so much of their affairs in the past, the gravely immoral and scandalous situation as revealed by Sister Myra Stratton, B.V.M. is not surprising. The facts speak for themselves; no detailed substantiation is required as they are so much a part of past and present patterns . . . Who can deny that there is substance to the mounting chorus of charges that in the Church human rights, human dignity is of no consequence in the face of institutional aggrandizement? . . .

JOHN C. WIRTH

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: The article, "Sister Scabs in the Suburbs," by Sister Myra Stratton, BVM (May 17), is an honest, forthright description of a scandalous situation many have unsuccessfully tried to break through. To keep silence on a moral issue such as this (complicated as it might be) would be doing a disservice to the Church. I therefore congratulate Sister Myra for the courage to speak out in the cause of justice and charity: the cause of justice—the human, divine and American right to belong to a union and of a union to be recognized; the cause of charity—not only for the lay teachers of local 1700 ATF of the AFL-CIO, who have been on strike for over 55 days, but more importantly, for the administrations concerned (Archdiocesan, Mother General of the Sisters of Charity, Cincinnati, and Elizabeth Seton High) since the press was Sister's last resort for communication.

SISTER ROSE THERING, O. P.

Mount St. Joseph, Ohio

To the Editors: In your May 17 issue, you carry an article, "Sister Scabs in the Suburbs." In all fairness to your readers I think they should know that this is a piece of uninformed journalism and was written without the full facts of the case. The administration was not consulted about the various points at issue and therefore, your readers were given a very one-sided, biased account. Throughout the article there are statements that are absolutely false; some are half-truths, and some are phrases taken out of context and therefore given an entirely different meaning from the original.

I am quoted as making certain statements which I have never made and this in itself, I feel, is a serious error and should be righted.

For the benefit of your readers I would also like to bring to your attention the fact that the accusation of racial prejudice is wholly unfounded. Our Community has served the poor, the underprivileged, the homeless and unwanted children, unwed mothers, the deaf, the retarded, the sick and suffering, regardless of race or creed, for over a hundred years. Ever since our foundation we have gone into mining camps, battle fields, prisons, and emergency hospitals during disasters or national epidemics, never questioning the color of skin or the social status of those who needed us. We have Negro sisters among our members; our Sisters are serving on Inter-racial Councils throughout the country; we fed and cared for thousands during the riots in Detroit last summer; we recently provided food and lodging for a contingent of the Poor People's March that passed through Cincinnati. With facts like these, can there be any suspicion of racial prejudice?

I regret that your readers were not given the truth about the school situation in South Holland but I hope this will help to convince them that they have been sorely misinformed.

MOTHER MARY OMER
Mother General of the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Chairman of the Conference of Major Superiors of Women

Reply

Re: Mother Mary Omer's complaint

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in paragraph two, Sister Myra was not at fault. The offending passage in the article (p. 256), which reads: ". . . Sister Mary Omer has been quoted as saying that the IHM Sisters . . . ought to obey their bishop," should have read: ". . . in the vague public statement that Mother Mary Omer made regarding the IHM controversy, she seemed to favor the idea that the IHM's concede to their bishop." (This remark was part of a letter to Mother Mary Omer, sent on April 7 by other teaching Sisters in Chicago about the situation at Elizabeth Seton, and never acknowledged by Mother Mary Omer.) The qualifying "vague public statement" and "seemed to favor" were deleted in editing. Our apologies to Mother Mary Omer and to Sister Myra Stratton.

As for the rest of Mother Mary Omer's letter, attempts to communicate with the Administration of Elizabeth Seton, by Sister Myra and others, were rebuffed. Further, the Sisters of Charity's historical contributions were not called into question in Sister Myra's article. The union-management impasse at Elizabeth Seton, and the flagrant social injustice there, are her central, unanswered points. THE EDITORS

Gloomy Commonweal

Sewickley, Pa.

To the Editors: Writers like Mary Daly, Rosemary Ruether and Daniel Callahan reflect, more than they themselves realize, their inadequate education. They show us how good people, passionately devoted to truth and justice, forget to be Christ-centered, forget that they have a model and a Hero who is Truth and Justice itself. They never refer to the gospels. They seem to be lonely and unaided in their thinking. They write as if there were no ten commandments, no beatitudes, no sermon on the mount.

No question but that the responsibility for this woeful lack of instruction must be laid at the feet of the American hierarchy. The Sunday sermons one heard in one's youth were scandalously lacking in the Christian message. But it is also fair to complain about the gloomy articles *Commonweal* is always publishing. *Commonweal* is Catholic, intensely Catholic in its interest in the church, but oh so little Christian. Like the sermons of old, Catholic but not Christian is the image.

Do the editors know how little of Christianity enters the pages of *Commonweal*? Would it not be original and helpful to cease to be a gadfly. . . . or rather to be a different kind of gadfly and suggest ways of spiritualizing the social order?

We are all longing for help. Priests and people need words of hope. *Commonweal* is thought to be an *avant garde* journal. It would be way out front if something helpful were published.

KATHLEEN CRAIG

Paperback Wagner

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: Harris Green, in his review of Robert Gutman's new book on Richard Wagner (May 31), remarks that Wagnerites, being a patient breed, "are bound to wait for the paperback, just as they wait for the Magic Fire," and will not rush to shell out the $12.50 asked for the present edition. May I remind [Mr. Green] that the previous definitive one-volume book on Wagner, Ernest Newman's *Wagner as Man and Artist* (1924), did not appear in paperback until 1960? . . . EDWARD A. COWAN

Piaget's Implications

Strasbourg, France

To the Editors: With reference to the April 5 article on Piaget written by Robert Coles: I believe it would be vastly worthwhile for some able thinker to give attention to a basic difference in assumption between Piaget and other commentators on the developmental process, including Frued. For most thinkers a state of structured equilibrium (variously conceived and labeled) is the goal of every organism. According to this view the organism departs one state of established equilibrium and moves to another (and thus "develops") in coping with an external factor that has disturbed the original equilibrium. Movement is "forced" upon the organism as a result of the stimulus which has disturbed its peace. Piaget sees the situation differently. For him movement is initiated by the organism itself. It is not simply an effort to regain a disturbed equilibrium. The very nature and goal of the organism is movement. It is not dependent on external stimulus to initiate that movement. Underlying these differences of view are important implications for a philosophy of man and society.

X. WILLIAM CARROLL

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In What Sense Catholic?

Is COMMONWEAL a Catholic magazine? This is a question people often ask. If to be Catholic means to be an organ of the Church or of some official organization in the Church, the answer is obviously "no." The hierarchy has certainly given us no special mandate to speak. Nor can we claim to be the voice of the Catholic laity as a group—who can? If these things are what is meant by being Catholic, we would have to abdicate all claim. For all of its life, however, COMMONWEAL has been accepted as in some sense a Catholic publication, and with reason. The magazine is and has always been published by a small group of journalists who are themselves Catholic. They are men who are concerned with Catholicism, and with the meeting of spiritual and temporal. It is this characteristic that has primarily distinguished COMMONWEAL from other journals of opinion.

It is a fact, too, and not without significance, that most of our readers and many of our writers are also Catholics who have comparable interests. Such readers look to us for our views as Catholic laymen on the Church and the world, and such writers turn to us precisely because in our pages they can express these same concerns. Then too we have many non-Catholic readers and writers, and this also we would cite as part of being Catholic. Our non-Catholic readers look to us for a certain kind of Catholic thinking. Our non-Catholic writers know they are welcome in our pages because we conceive of the Catholic spirit as one which welcomes good thinking and good writing, wherever found.

—COMMONWEAL, May 19, 1967

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